

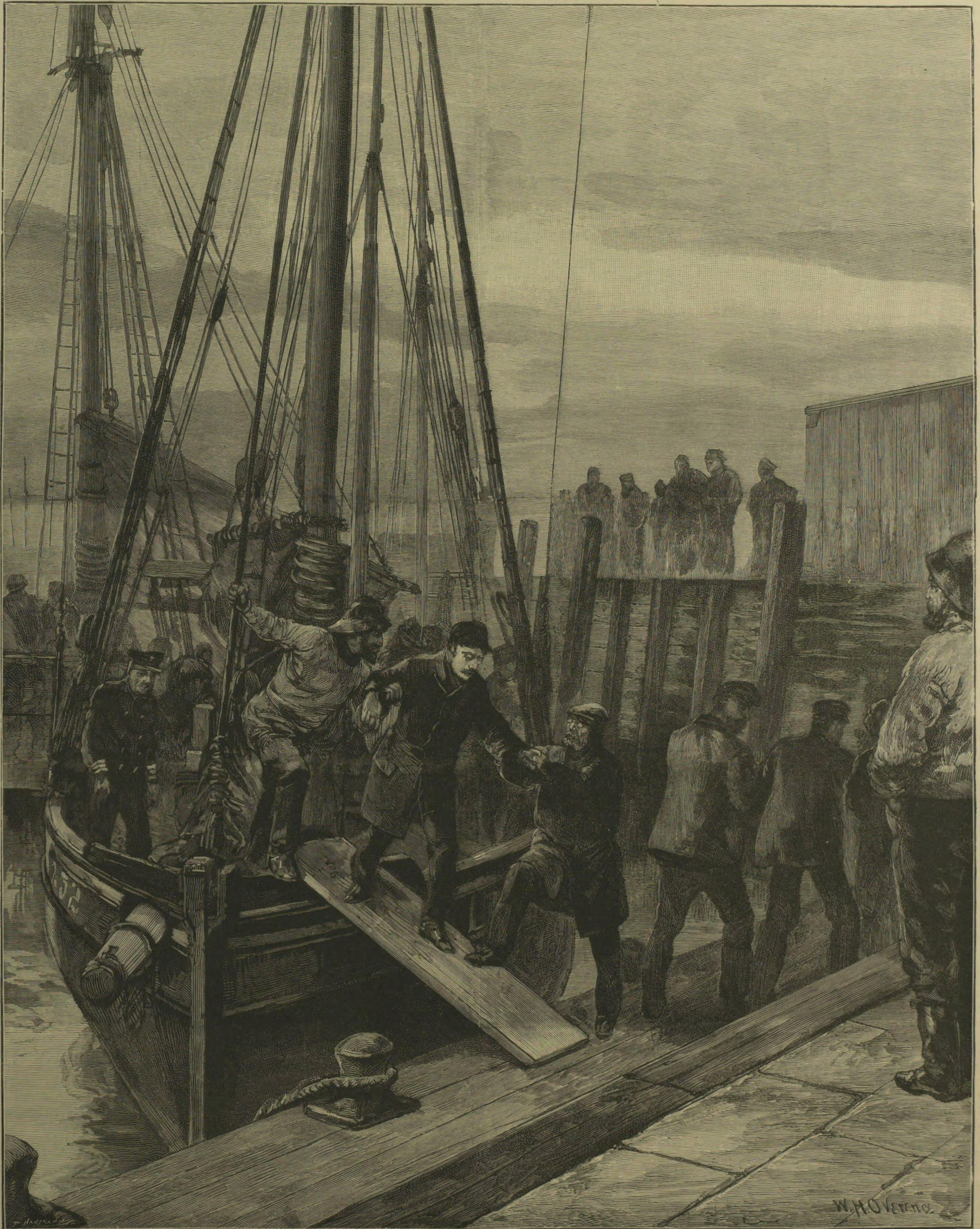
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE LOSS OF THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAM-SHIP "ELBE," ON JANUARY 30, OFF LOWESTOFT: LANDING OF SURVIVORS AT LOWESTOFT.

Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The professionals who take charge of the weather are very "arbitrary gents," and will brook no interference, nor even so much as an observation, from the amateur or the outsider. If one ventures to remark that a thunderstorm in January is an extraordinary occurrence, one has, so to speak, one's nose snapped off. "Pooh, pooh!" they say, "it is unusual, but not at all extraordinary; look at the reports, and you will see plenty of examples of it." Of course one knows nothing of these records, but only speaks from one's own experience, which, it seems, is "generalising from insufficient data." If we say last summer was a very wet one (which it was) we receive a prompt contradiction: "There was only the average of rainfall." When one goes out of doors only to get wet through, and never sees the sunshine, what possible satisfaction is to be got out of an average? We are now (at this present writing, that is, for there may be a thaw to-morrow) in the midst of frost and snow: in our simplicity, and because we happen to have nothing more original to remark, we say, "This is quite an old-fashioned winter." The recording angel of the weather is down one's throat in a moment: "What do you mean by an old-fashioned winter? Do you suppose the winters are altered?" Abashed by his contempt and alarmed by his violence, we say no more, but in our heart of hearts we know that they *have* altered. For one thing, we have no snowstorms such as we used to have when we were young. The village where I spent my youth lay like a cup among the hills, so that all the roads leading out of it were deeply channelled; almost every winter the snow filled them up ten and twelve feet high, and exit by means of them was impossible. We were blockaded. A party of us young folks had promised to act in some private theatricals in the neighbouring town. Ordinary carriages were useless, but, like true children of Thespis, we got a wagon, and, dragged by four dray-horses, took to the fields. How well I remember that strange journey, some of it literally over hedge and ditch, and where wheels had never been before—a white world everywhere, and every feature of the well-known landscape utterly blotted out! The village stands where it was, but I hear of no such journeys being undertaken now.

Of course the railways have done away with much of the difficulties of travel in snow-time. When a train is snowed up now there are no such inconveniences as happened in the case of the mail-coaches; there is delay, but there is generally enough to eat and drink, plenty of companionship, and a much larger area to live and breathe in. A friend of mine, much my senior, however, once told me what occurred to him in a snowstorm between Edinburgh and London. He was a merchant of great position, and quite above the temptation to exaggerate matters, like a mere storyteller, and his narrative impressed me the more accordingly. Three times on their way south both outside and inside passengers had to get off the coach and push the wheels through the drifted snow, and when crossing Shap Fells (the bleakest spot on the road) they got stuck. After fruitless endeavours to move the coach, the guard rode off with the mail-bags, and the passengers were left to their fate. There was known to be an inn at Shap if they could only get there, and after many hours they contrived to do so. Fortunately there were no women passengers, or it is possible they would have succumbed. They were shut up at that inn for eight days, during which they had no communication, either north or south, with the outside world. "And I suppose," I said, "you had no books?" "Books! Think of books at Shap in those days! No, nor even a pack of cards." "What did you do with yourselves?" "Well," said my respectable friend, "it seems queer to say so at this time of day, but the place was famous for its game-cocks, and we had cock-fighting from morning to night." That is what they did for eight days instead of telling stories to one another, as would have been the case in a Christmas Number.

Meteorological reports are very satisfying, but not such pleasant reading as the old records of wind and storm used to be. There is an account of "the great snow" in 1615 in the parish register of Youlgrave, in Derbyshire, which always strikes me as very graphic, as well as instinct with a reverence for the great forces of nature. "This year 1614-5 Jan. 16 began the greatest snow which ever fell upon the earth, within man's memory. It cover'd the earth five quarters deep upon the playne. And for heapes or drifts of snow, they were very deep, so that passengers, both horse and foot, passed over yates, hedges and walles. It fell at ten severall tymes, and the last was the greatest, to the great admiration and fear of all the land, for it came from the foure pts of the world, so that all c'ntreys were full, yea, the south p'te as well as these mountaynes. It continued by daily encreasing until the 12th day of March (without the sight of any earth, eyther upon hilles or valleys) upon wch daye, being the Lordes day, it began to decrease; and so by litle and litle consumed and wasted away, till the eight and twentyth day of May, for then all the heapes or drifts of snow were consumed, except one upon Kinder-Scot, wch lay till Witson week."

Among the advantages of authorship I have never seen enumerated the opportunity that not seldom occurs of

sticking a buttonhole in one's coat which does not strictly belong to one. We are not in any way to blame for the possession of it, which, indeed, is forced upon us: some polite person has run after us with it, and exclaimed, "You have dropped this, Sir," and we are so fond of flowers, and they become us so, that there is a great temptation to say "Thank you," and to keep the buttonhole. The mistake is an easy one to make if authors have the same name. The other day I had a charming letter from (I am sure) an accomplished lady musician, who begged leave "from my wreath of poems to select a violet, to set to music." She had extracted the poem, or I should never have known that she had written "triolet" and not "violet," but it was quite strange to me. I had, it is true (who has not?), written verses in my youth, but never a triolet; I felt that I should like to have written one, but that it would probably not have been so good as the specimen in question. It was a pretty thing to have attached to one's name, especially when wedded to music. Then, it always gives me pleasure to say "Yes" to a young lady. Perhaps the other man would not have said that. Still, so well regulated is my mind, so well principled my moral nature, that I honestly confessed that she must apply elsewhere.

These misconceptions are less pardonable where there is no similarity in the authors' names, yet they frequently occur, for the fact is a great number of persons pay very little attention, when they read a book, to the name on the title-page. On a recent occasion I was asked permission to reproduce a humorous story of mine in a book of extracts. This is not a very paying proceeding, and such requests are therefore always accompanied by a plentiful shower of compliments. In this case I was told that I was a most delightful writer, inimitable in my peculiar vein of humour, and so on. This was very true and pleasant, but the writer went on to say that though all my stories were at his fingers' ends, and had conduced to his health both in body and mind, the one that remained pre-eminent in his recollection, and which I had never beaten, was the tale of the ghost who had haunted the wrong man. If he might have *that* to put in his book of extracts he would ask nothing more of gods or men. Of course, every acknowledgment would be made of the source from which the story came. Now, here was a chance of getting one's name associated with an excellent piece of composition. I had only to say, "I have no objection," and the thing was done. An old story occurred to my mind which seemed to corroborate this view. A cockney sportsman, seeing some ducks in a pond, and a yokel sitting on an adjacent stile, asked whether he might have a shot at the ducks for five shillings. "I have no objection," said the countryman, and the money was paid. Then the cockney drove the poor ducks into a corner of the pond, and fired into the midst of them, killing a good many. "Ha, ha! you did not think of that plan," said the wretch triumphantly. "Indeed," returned the yokel calmly, "I never thought about it. They are not my ducks." Everyone praises the countryman and blames the cockney for their parts in this transaction. Why should not I have imitated the former's ingenious behaviour? For as a matter of fact the admirable story of the ghost in question was written by Messrs. Besant and Rice, and was not mine at all. It was a great temptation, but it was withstood; I flatter myself, however, that it is not everybody who would have thus sacrificed a literary reputation to a moral scruple.

In spite of the warning issued by the doctors with respect to bacteria, kissing, it seems, is still going on—at least upon the stage. In Vienna, not in real life a very moral city, a great outcry has, however, been raised against the practice by an actor whose pretty wife has every evening to submit to the process of osculation. It takes place a good many times in the course of the piece, and is very tantalising to the lookers-on, especially to her husband. Since the management has declined to interfere, the lady has withdrawn, or been withdrawn (for it does not appear she has any personal objection to the operation) from the boards. A good deal of sympathy has been expressed for her by the male members of the company, who seem to miss her very much. The husband insists that kisses on the stage should be stage kisses—only imitations of the actual performance, like stage thunder; but the champions of realism are in the majority, and seem to include all the ladies. They say, with touching fidelity to their art, "It is only a part of our duty. A kiss on the stage, however given, is no kiss at all. It is washed away with the rouge." This delicate question is being discussed with a good deal of interest. In private theatricals people do not know how to kiss a stage kiss, any more than how to slap their faces without hurting one another. This innocent ignorance does not detract from the attraction of this species of entertainment with some people, but with others it is undoubtedly—just at first—an obstacle. I have in my mind one of the most respectable of amateur managers—but more devoted to the "business" of the stage (as often happens) than any professional—whom I once overheard denouncing a recalcitrant actress who shrank from this ordeal. "Now, my dear young lady, the stage direction says 'Kisses her.' You must not, you really must not, interrupt the progress of the drama with your foolish scruples."

In connection with that pressing question "What shall we do with our boys?" attention has been lately drawn to the custom of exacting premiums for those who seek employment in commercial and other houses. When even a servant-girl can get her board and lodging and a few shillings a week to begin with, even from the humblest mistress, it seems strange indeed that great employers of labour should stoop to the meanness not only of getting work done for nothing, but of exacting money from poor lads for that doubtful privilege. There is custom on their side, no doubt; but we have many bad customs, and this one not the least of them. There is nothing disheartens a lad for his work more than the knowledge that it is utterly unremunerative. It is like the abhorrence of a treadmill by which nothing is ground. Now that so much is talked of the readiness of employers to admit those who serve them to a share of their profits, this system of premiums upon young men, which bears so hard upon middle-class fathers, should surely be swept away.

There is no "riddle column" in "Our Note Book" yet, which for some reasons I regret. Two brother journalists (who have, however, got into trouble about it) have been drawing one hundred and eighty pounds a day from a credulous public in return for a few ingenious questions in the nature of a conundrum, for the solution of which they offered prizes of great value; nor could they be injured by this munificence, because they had not a shilling between them. The whole scheme was of a character to make one's mouth water. Still, nothing of that kind was intended when I wrote down last week those innocent letters E R L Y A A T B, which I regret to say have been taken very seriously. It is evidently supposed that these columns are open to a guessing competition. Some of the guessers, too, have been successful, and, alas! I have got no prize for them. I fear that they will consider it a BETRAYAL.

"Tales of Mean Streets" are tales of mean lives, but, unhappily, of true lives. Indeed, none who read these stories can doubt their being pages from the book of poor humanity. The taste for "slumming" has died out with the fashionable world: they cannot endure to put themselves out beyond a day or two, and were impelled by curiosity rather than any real desire to benefit their fellow-creatures. But the interest of a larger and much more worthy class in the unhappy dwellers in the dark places of the town has been much more permanent; and, indeed, is growing day by day. Unless these people can be got at in their own homes—if the dens in which they dwell can be so called—it is felt that little can be done, and certainly nothing by mere preaching. In these terrible stories we have these homes presented to us with photographic fidelity, and also their inmates. There is not a word of sentiment about them from beginning to end; all is sordid fact. If anyone intends to play the philanthropist among them in hopes of reaping his reward in the shape of gratitude, he will be mistaken. It is not the exceptions whom the author describes—indeed, there hardly appear to be any exceptions. This terrible world is, as he says, but one street. "Where in the East End lies this street? Everywhere. The hundred and fifty yards is only a link in a long and a mightily tangled chain—only a turn in a tortuous maze. This street of the square holes is hundreds of miles long. That it is planned in short lengths is true; but there is no other way in the world that can more properly be called a single street, because of its dismal lack of accent, its sordid uniformity, its utter remoteness from delight."

With a pitiless hand the author dispels many an illusion—the sentiment that clings about the unemployed especially. The majority of them do not want employment, but only the money that is to be made from it. They prefer to live from hand to mouth, and on their wives in preference to honest earnings. They are cruel and cowardly and base beyond belief. The women appear to have a week or two of doubtful enjoyment as girls in keeping company with and being treated by their swains, and for the rest of their lives are their drudges and slaves. To read of what they suffer at the hands of these idle ruffians is to have the heartache. It makes one sick to hear of missions among the heathen when these things are going on at our own doors. The stories, all of which are strikingly told, have a dreadful uniformity from first to last. One can easily imagine a reader of tender feelings never getting beyond the first; though, as has been truly said, "If others have undergone these things, we should surely be able to bear to be told of them."

"Lizerunt" is a description in a nutshell of courting and matrimony at the East End; not a love idyll, but a true picture of wooing and winning as they are there. The very name is a distortion, being, in fact, the short (but alas! not "for love and euphony") of "Eliza Hunt." The brutality with which the girl is treated is incredible, yet she retains some such tenderness for the ruffian as Nancy did for Sikes. At all events, she resents the assistance of those who, in defending her, must needs attack her Billy. The advent of Lizerunt's "first," usually a subject of congratulation, is nothing less than a tragedy, but it is a tragedy of real life, and Billy is a type of thousands.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

BY THE MACE.

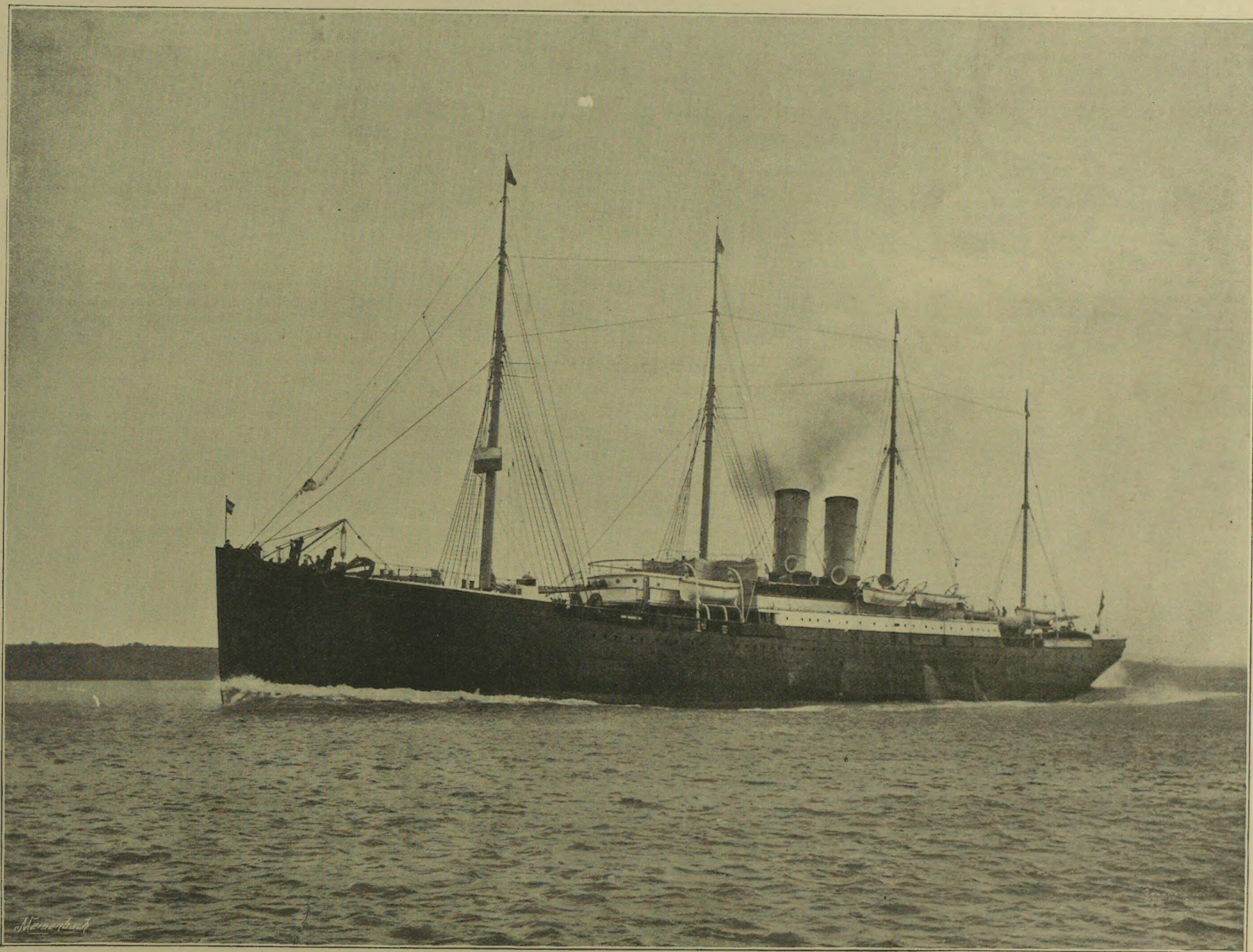
The opening of the Session of 1895 must have been extremely dull to the spectators in the Strangers' Gallery who had waited for hours to witness the combat between Mr. Balfour and Sir William Harcourt. Had they paid for the exhibition, I don't think it could have been pronounced to be worth their money. A profound calm prevailed in the Chamber which has witnessed such deeds of gladiatorial prowess. The question of Lord Tweedmouth's notorious cheque did not come up; neither did the supposed irregularity of the Leicester election, which everybody has forgotten. When Ministers had given notice of their little list of measures in the Queen's Speech, to an accompaniment of mild derision from the Unionist benches, the blameless Mover and Seconder of the Address, Mr. C. Hobhouse and Mr. W. H. Holland, made their blameless speeches, and were gravely congratulated on their oratorical powers. I suppose the day will never come when the House of Commons will relinquish this little ceremony. Nobody wants to hear the Mover and Seconder of the Address; nobody cares a rush for their opinions. It would be a great saving of time if the Address

the support of the House of Lords. Encouraged by the cheers of his supporters, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proceeded to repeat this retort in one of those rotund periods which too often have the effect of exciting mirth before they have run their voluminous course. After this it was clear that the first night's debate had no life in it. Mr. Justin McCarthy made some soothing observations, and Mr. Bartley proceeded to show at length the iniquity of a Government which prepared a programme for the purpose of keeping the Ministerial forces together. I have a great respect for the member for North Islington. He is, I should say, an excellent man of business, but his manner of speech has some blemishes. He has a habit of stating familiar facts with much emphasis—for example, that "London is a very important part of the Empire." He is inordinately fond of the Parliamentary formula, "But, Sir, what I do say is this," which means nothing in particular, as he has already said it several times. To a suffering auditor, Mr. Bartley, with all his shrewdness, is an awful example of the Parliamentarian who has never taken the trouble to master the art of public speaking, but wanders through mazes of words with a happy confidence of arriving at something definite by and by. The House is too familiar with Mr. Bartley to make any demonstration when he is

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FLOATING OF H.M.S. "MAJESTIC."

Although the great battle-ship *Majestic* will not be completed for the pennant until 1896, she was named by Princess Louise, and floated out of dock at Portsmouth, on Jan. 31. The building of the *Majestic* has been conducted with unprecedented expedition, as she was only laid down on Feb. 5, 1894, and therefore not a year has elapsed between that date and the launching. The *Majestic* has thus eclipsed the *Magnificent* and *Royal Sovereign*, which hitherto had not been surpassed in the speed of building. The Marchioness of Lorne was accompanied by her sister, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and was received in the dockyard by Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, Rear-Admiral C. G. Fane, and Lieutenant-General Davis, by whom they were escorted to No. 13 Dock. Here they were met by Admiral Lord Walter Kerr; Sir W. H. White, the designer of the ship; Mr. J. Williamson, Director of Dockyards; the Mayor of Portsmouth; Mr. L. G. Davies, Chief Constructor; Rear-Admiral Fullerton, Captain Balfour, Mr. Giffard, and others. After the usual brief service, conducted by the Rev. T. F. Morton, Princess Louise christened the *Majestic*, and, severing a lanyard,



THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAM-SHIP "ELBE."

Photo by Symonds, Portsmouth.

were not moved and seconded. But if you begin to save time in the House of Commons, where will you end? What iconoclastic spirit will you not encourage? Why, the climax of such economy might be a proposal to save time by leaving the Mace to dust and solitude!

The real business of the debate was begun by Mr. Balfour, who, after some feeling allusions to the death of Lord Randolph Churchill, criticised the Government with unusual mildness, but hinted that "an important member" of the House might find it expedient later on to move an amendment to the Address demanding an immediate dissolution. At this Mr. John Redmond, who was evidently fingering the amendment fondly in his waistcoat-pocket, gazed at the ceiling with statuesque indifference, while a broad smile ran down one of the front benches and up the other. Sir William Harcourt in his reply was profoundly funereal. He dwelt with great solemnity on the loss of Lord Randolph and on the death of the late Czar, and for twenty minutes or so nobody could have supposed that he was aught but the Chief Mourner brought from his place of business in Bayswater to roll out platitudes in a sonorous voice. As for Mr. Balfour's threat, Sir William treated it blandly, as who should say: "My dear Sir, if you must you must, but what have you to gain by anything so unreasonable?" The demand for a dissolution simply meant that no Government must presume to legislate unless it had

on his legs; but one of his statements had a flavour of such unreasonable modesty that I thought both the front benches would have risen to protest. Alluding to the Prime Minister as a peer, Mr. Bartley said, "Some of us are not in that exalted position, and are not likely to be." A subdued murmur of dissent rose from a House thinned by the craving for dinner. Mr. Bartley's greatest point was that the Government were wasting the time of the House over useless proposals instead of devoting their attention to the commercial interests of the country. If that policy were successful the fall of England was certain. "We are a business people," cried Mr. Bartley. I expected every moment that he would add, "We are a nation of shopkeepers"; but that original sentiment was spared us.

As for the programme which Ministers have laid before Parliament, it includes the familiar items of the Newcastle manifesto, with the addition of an Irish Land Bill and the exception of payment of members. How such a mass of legislation can get through all its stages in the House of Commons in a session which may be ended at any moment by some untoward accident to a majority of about fourteen, I do not know. But the Ministerial Whips were wreathed with smiles, and Mr. Tom Ellis sat on the Treasury Bench with an adhesiveness which gave point to Mr. Bartley's gibe that the chief object of Ministers was to retain their seats and put off the evil day of an appeal to the electorate.

released the vessel. While "Hearts of Oak" and the National Anthem were being played the great ship slowly moved out of dock, and the ceremony concluded.

The *Majestic* is a sister-vessel to the *Magnificent*, and is 390 ft. long, 75 ft. broad, with a displacement of 14,900 tons. Its forced speed will be 17½ knots an hour, and its natural speed 16½ knots. The crew of the *Majestic* will be 757 officers and men.

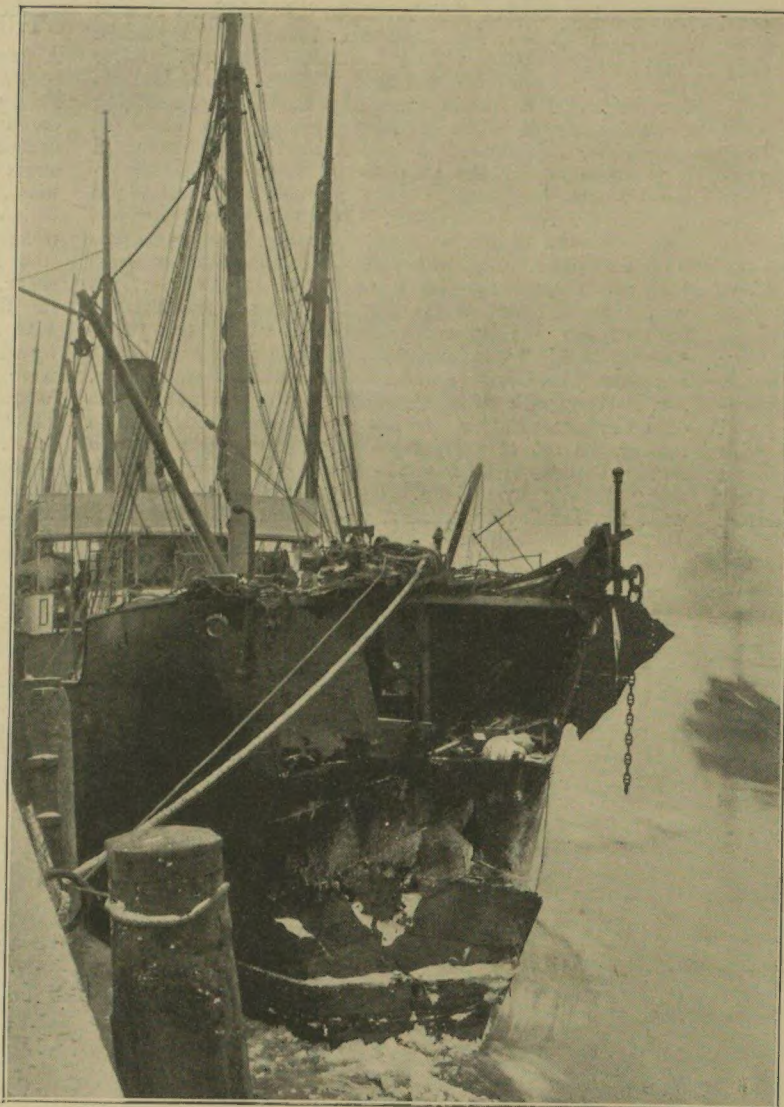
MARCHING THROUGH SNOW.

One of the recent developments in connection with German military manoeuvres is marching through snow. After a heavy fall of snow many of the troops, especially those stationed in mountainous districts, practise with Norwegian "ski." Our Illustration shows the 5th Prussian Rifle Battalion marching with snow-shoes across the Giant's Mountains in Silesia. The regiment's garrison is at Hirschberg, and not very far from it are the Giant's Mountains, the highest range of all the German mountain chains. The ascent was slow, but as the troops grew more accustomed to their shoes and to the conditions of their journey, they increased speed, and the descent was rapid. The whole experiment took two days to accomplish. In order to be prepared for a winter campaign, the 92nd Infantry Regiment is likewise using "ski" in the Harz Mountains. As this range is celebrated for its constant mists, the work has been far from pleasant.

THE LOSS OF THE "ELBE."

At half-past five o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, Jan. 30, the North German Lloyd steamer *Elbe* came into collision forty-seven miles south-west from *Haaks* light-ship off Lowestoft with another steamer, and in twenty minutes foundered. The *Elbe* had only left Bremen on the previous day for Southampton and New York, and carried 199 passengers and a crew of 149, most of the souls on board being of German nationality. There were only twenty survivors from this terrible disaster—five passengers, the chief engineer, the third officer, the purser, a German pilot, the English pilot, and ten of the crew.

At the time of the collision most of those in the steamer were asleep, and, startled by the awful shock, they rushed on to the deck too late even to catch a glimpse of the vessel which had caused the accident. The *Elbe* was struck abaft the engine-room, and the inrush of water through the large hole soon caused the steamer to sink. Instantly the officers tried to calm the terror-stricken passengers, and commenced lowering the boats. There was a heavy sea at the time, and one of the boats was quickly swamped. Each of the other two was filled directly, amid great excitement, with twenty persons, but only one boat survived the storm. This was picked up by a Lowestoft smack, the *Wildflower*, and reached Lowestoft safely in the afternoon. No tidings have come to hand concerning the fate of the other boat. The men of the *Wildflower* were attracted by the signals of waving clothes and sails, and with courage and kindness rescued this remnant of survivors. The German Consul at Lowestoft conveyed them to the Sailors' Home and the Suffolk Hotel, where they were carefully tended after their frightful experiences. Their stories were very thrilling. Fräulein Anna Baecker, the only woman rescued, said that, having only comparatively a short distance to travel in the ship, she lay down in her berth fully dressed, and slept soundly



THE DAMAGED STEAM-SHIP "CRATHIE."

From Photo supplied by the London Correspondent of the "Liverpool Shipping Telegraph."

until five o'clock. Then she half awoke, and lay dozing for a while. After some ten minutes or so it seemed to her that she heard a crash, which proved to be due to the collision. Hearing people rushing about on deck, she got up, and somebody came and told her to get ready to leave the ship. She took her bag, watch, and money, put on her hat and jacket, and rushed on deck in company with other occupants of the cabin who had also been aroused. By this time nearly everybody was on deck, and she found herself by the side of two gentlemen passengers. She could see that the ship was sinking and that there was very great danger. The lifeboat near her was got ready, and the two gentlemen placed her in it. She took hold of the side, but as soon as the boat reached the water it began to fill rapidly. She did not think that any waves dashed over them, although, in the excitement of the moment, she could not definitely say; but she believed that the water came through the plug-hole at the bottom of the boat. By that time the side of the vessel was so low that all who were in the boat, except herself, were able to clamber on deck again. She kept hold of the side of the vessel, and in two or three minutes, as the second lifeboat was being launched, she seized one of the oars, by means of which she was with difficulty pulled into the boat. She had been in the water holding on to the side of the steamer for about ten minutes. She did not see any people in the water, and, owing to the roaring of the wind and the heavy sea, she could not at the end hear any shrieking or shouting. She lay for shelter in the bottom of the boat, and was unable to see the *Elbe* go down. Very heavy waves washed over the gunwale of the boat, and the men had to bail out the water continuously. She lay in the water at the bottom of the boat all the time. About eleven o'clock the smack *Wildflower*, whose attention had been attracted some time previously, bore down and rescued them under circumstances of great difficulty and danger.



THE LOWESTOFT FISHING-SMACK "WILDFLOWER," WHICH RESCUED TWENTY SURVIVORS FROM THE "ELBE" DISASTER.

Photo by Boughton, Lowestoft.

The *Elbe* was built fourteen years ago by Messrs. J. Elder and Co., of Glasgow; it was an iron screw steamer of 4510 tons, with three decks and a spar deck, and was capable of a speed of sixteen knots an hour. The captain of the *Elbe*, Von Gössel, seems to have been a fine, trustworthy man, of great ability, and while sacrificing his life he did everything possible to attempt the saving of the lives of his passengers. Only two months ago he had himself remained continuously on the bridge for thirty hours when the *Elbe* was off the banks of Newfoundland. On the day after the accident the Great Eastern Railway Company's tug *Despatch* was started for the scene of the wreck in the vain hope that possibly some news might be gained of the other boat, but this was not possible owing to the heavy gale.

The *Crathie*, an Aberdeen steamer belonging to a syndicate, is supposed to have been the cause of the collision. Captain A. Gordon, of this vessel, stated that while he was at the foot of the companion the *Crathie* sustained a severe shock. The water came

pouring into his cabin, and, said he, "I hurried on deck, and the first thing I saw was a large strange ship across the *Crathie's* bows. Immediately after the collision the *Crathie's* engines were stopped and reversed. I was not able to distinguish the name of the other ship on account of the darkness, but I was under the impression that the other steamer proceeded on her voyage."

The German Emperor expressed the deep sorrow felt by the nation at the loss of the *Elbe*. Her Majesty the Queen telegraphed to the agent of the North German Lloyd Company: "I am greatly distressed at the terrible disaster to the *Elbe*, and will be glad to know as to the condition of those rescued, and if there are hopes of there being any other survivors." The heroism of the men of the *Wildflower*, headed by the skipper Wright, has been speedily recognised. The Mayor of Lowestoft has issued a letter stating that he will receive contributions "with the view of making a tangible acknowledgment to each of the men for their gallant and humane services."



C. A. Hofmann. W. B. Bothen. B. S. Bradbeer (Vice-Consul). John Vevera. Eugen Schlegel.

SOME OF THE SURVIVORS FROM THE "ELBE."

Photo by Boughton, Lowestoft.

Ernest Hutchins.

Henry Field.

James Long. William Wright (Skipper). Geo. Long (Owner).



THE SKIPPER AND CREW OF THE "WILDFLOWER."

Photo by Boughton, Lowestoft.

Charles Pipe.

PERSONAL.

Although, as Izaak Walton held, mathematics may be like angling in that it can never be fully learnt, yet the late

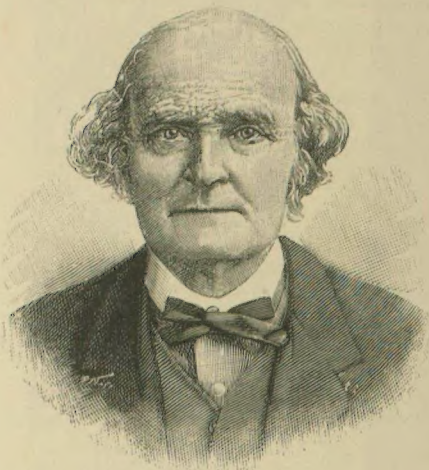


Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE PROFESSOR ARTHUR CAYLEY.

Professor Arthur Cayley may be said to have gone further on the road towards this consummation than anyone living, or, possibly, than any mathematician who has lived. He was the son of the late Henry Cayley, a partner in a firm of Russian merchants, Richmond, Surrey, may be proud to claim him as her son, for there he was born on Aug. 16, 1821. He passed from King's College, London, where his talents impressed the Principal, to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of seventeen. In 1842 he was Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman. After being elected a Fellow of his College he was called to the Bar, and practised as a conveyancer. But when the Sadlerian Professorship of pure mathematics was founded, he returned, in 1863, to fill that post, having in the meantime married. Thenceforward every step in his career proved his extraordinary powers, shown in unceasing activity and prolific contributions to the Royal Society, which had elected him a Fellow in 1852. He had the modesty of real greatness, and a rare facility in communicating to others what he had himself acquired. He was not enwrapped in mathematics to the exclusion of other interests; for astronomy, the higher education of women, Alpine climbing, created in him enthusiasm. Cambridge University lost in Professor Cayley, on Jan. 26, a great and a good man.

A piquant turn to the political situation has been given by the resignation of Captain Naylor-Leyland. This officer sat for Colchester, where his majority at the General Election was sixty-one. He has always been regarded as a true blue Tory, and he was very conspicuous in the resistance to the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill. When it was suddenly announced that he had resigned his seat, ill-health was the obvious explanation. But it seems that the gallant Captain's ill-health is political rather than physical. He has been converted to Radicalism! This statement, which was at first treated with incredulity, is now confirmed by his express authority. He agrees with the Government on the subject of the House of Lords, and he is in favour of the programme they have submitted to Parliament. He informed the Opposition leaders of this change of convictions three months ago. Such a thorough-going conversion is unique. It will probably give a stimulus to the Conservative efforts to retain the seat at Colchester.

There are signs that the enthusiasm over the new Czar as a reformer was premature. A very moderately worded address from the Zemstovs, or local assemblies of Russia, advocating an enlargement of popular liberties, provoked the Czar to a very decided assertion of the autocratic principle. Evidently there is no immediate prospect of an extension of representative institutions. An unfavourable impression has also been made by the suppression of a popular newspaper merely for suggesting that Freethinkers should share the imperial bounty which is extended every year to poor literary men. In this action we can see the hand of the Procurator of the Holy Synod, and it indicates in a striking way the difficulties of a liberal-minded ruler in a country where the principle of religious toleration is strenuously denied by the most powerful ecclesiastical organisation in the world.

An interesting and esteemed figure in the world of art has departed in the person of Mrs. Thornycroft, who died on Feb. 1. She was the daughter of Mr. John Francis, a sculptor who acted as assistant to Chantrey, and was born at Thornham, in Norfolk. She quickly developed a talent for the art of her father, and soon exhibited at the Royal Academy. She married a fellow-pupil, Mr. Thomas Thornycroft, and studied still further in Rome. Here she so impressed Gibson that he recommended her to the Queen as better able to model the royal children than himself. For many years she was engaged in executing the Queen's commissions which now testify to her graceful skill in the royal palaces. Her



Photo by Fiemons.

THE LATE MRS. MARY THORNYCROFT.

greatest effect was made by her "Girl Skipping," exhibited thirty-five years ago in Paris. In her children she inspired her own hereditary artistic tastes, and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., and Miss Helen Thornycroft—to name only two of her talented family—well sustain the reputation of their gifted mother. Another son, Mr. John J. Thornycroft, is the great torpedo-boat builder, and near the works, in old Chiswick churchyard, Mrs. Thornycroft was buried.

The completion of the new National Portrait Gallery has been aptly chosen by the Prime Minister to submit Mr. George Scharf's name to the Queen for the honour of the Knight-Commandership of the Bath. Sir George Scharf—as he will in future be known—is the son of an artist, whose water-colour sketches of London, from its more fashionable side, are well known to collectors. To them we owe a good deal of knowledge of how the world amused itself when at a short distance from Westminster "garden parties" in the fullest sense of the word were common in the gardens abutting upon St. James's, the Green, and Hyde Parks. His son, who was educated at University College, London, became a student at the Royal Academy, where he remained for two years, studying afterwards in Italy, and was subsequently appointed draughtsman to an expedition sent out in 1843 to Asia Minor. On his return he devoted himself chiefly to illustrating books and to the pursuit of antiquarian studies having relation to the fine arts.

The National Portrait Gallery owes its origin to the late Earl Stanhope, who found a strong supporter in the Prince Consort. A motion by the former in the House of Lords on March 4, 1856, was cordially supported by the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Ellenborough, and the Earl of Carnarvon; and three months later the House of Commons gave effect to the motion by sanctioning the grant of £2000, and before the close of the year the first board of trustees was constituted. Mr. Scharf was at once recognised as an eminently suitable secretary by his varied knowledge and art qualifications. His duties in connection with the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition absorbed almost all his time during the earlier months of 1857; but in the course of the year he definitely took up his appointment at the Gallery, which was then in Great George Street, Westminster. From that date forward Mr. Scharf devoted his whole time and energies to the formation of a British Historical Portrait Gallery worthy of this country; and now, at the end of nearly forty years of incessant labour, he is able to look back upon a life spent in the service of the nation, and to find his services appreciated by his sovereign as well as by the public.

The exhibitions of historical portraits held at South Kensington in the years 1866-68 stimulated public interest in this phase of art; and on the close of the last exhibition the rooms, which had formed part of the buildings of the International Exhibition of 1862, were placed at the disposal of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, and their collections were removed, and there remained until 1885, when, in consequence of a fire in some adjoining buildings, the national portraits were removed to Bethnal Green Museum, with the ultimate design—as was commonly reported—of placing them permanently under the charge of the South Kensington Museum authorities. This plan, if it was really conceived, was, happily, defeated; and although the Treasury year after year refused to take any steps towards providing a proper gallery for the portraits, the trustees steadily declined to admit their transfer to Bethnal Green as anything but a temporary loan. But for Mr. Alexander's munificence, in all probability the National Portrait Gallery would be still in the limbo of futurity. At present it is an accomplished fact, and a few more months will, it is hoped, suffice to hang in their already appointed places nearly nine hundred works, including busts, drawings, etc., now constituting the national collection, which, in the first year of Mr. Scharf's duties as keeper and secretary, numbered fifty-six. In 1882 Mr. Scharf's title was changed to that of Director and Keeper, but the whole work of the gallery, as previously, was thrown upon him, and no provision was made for a successor, who might profit by and subsequently turn to good use for the public the training which Mr. Scharf could have given.

What, from the popular point of view, must we suppose be reckoned as an exceedingly brilliant Ballad Concert was given under the direction of Messrs. Boosey, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, Jan. 30. That is to say, a great many first-rate performers assembled to sing in their various first-rate styles a great many songs and ballads which, for the most part, were not first-rate at all from the musical point of view. Among the songs, however, not included in this "for the most part" must be reckoned Elizabeth's prayer from "Tannhäuser," sung by Miss Thudichum, if not so appealingly as Madame Albani, at any rate with vigour and forcefulness. Whether these qualities are just the necessary ones for this particular song may reasonably be matter for doubt. Mdlle. Landi also sang an air from Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalilah," which, though by no means to be ranked among the greatest of songs, is far superior to the ordinary song of the time. Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Santley, Madame Alice Gomez, and many another indulged the tastes of a large audience by the interpretation of many—shall we call them?—intelligible songs, such as Molloy's "Hum of Bees," "Don't Cry, Little Girl," "If Thou Didst Know," and quantities of other well-known and well-liked ditties. We are bound to say, too, that the selection of

the programme seemed nicely chosen for the purpose of giving the maximum amount of pleasure to its audience—an audience to whom it was for the most part bliss to recognise old favourites. So far it was highly successful.

The Symphony Concert given under the direction of Mr. Henschel, at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on Thursday, Jan. 31, was perhaps the best of the season. A Bohemian concerto for the violin (in which Mr. Maurice Sons took the solo part), by Dvorák, was so extremely and successfully Bohemian that it wore its nationality like a garment—a garment which may be appreciated without any want of critical judgment, or not, by individual tastes. Possibly the best played selection of the evening was Haydn's beautifully gay Symphony in B flat. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Henschel's capabilities as a conductor of complex and difficult music, there can be but little doubt about his mastery over this shining and open method of composition. It was curious that he conducted in this instance without score; and he certainly justified himself in so doing, for his knowledge of the work was complete and satisfactory. The customary Wagner selections concluded the concert with sufficient impressiveness. We are not fanatical admirers of Mr. Henschel as a conductor of Wagner, although we are ready to allow the very grave debt which we, in common with the general public, owe to him for familiarising that music to so large an extent with British audiences. A word should be recorded in praise of the Scottish orchestra, which plays for the most part with much refinement and delicacy of sentiment.

Mr. Irving's lecture at the Royal Institution was an eloquent plea for the admission of acting to a definitely acknowledged position among the fine arts. On this point most people will agree with Mr. Irving, whose own achievements are his best arguments. Why should an actor be treated, in regard to social distinctions, differently from a painter or a musician? Take a specific test. Painters and musicians are invited to a levée. There is no rule of Court etiquette to exclude them. But actors, however distinguished, are not invited, simply because the etiquette has always subjected them to a tacit ban. Why is Mr. Irving less worthy to go to Court than—not to put it invidiously—Sir Arthur



Photo by Paul Lange, Liverpool.

THE CAPTAIN, SOME PASSENGERS, AND STEWARDS OF THE "ELBE" AT A CONCERT ON DECK.

Sullivan? If the Lord Chamberlain were to take his courage in both his hands, and propose to the Queen or the Prince of Wales that an actor who, in Dublin at all events, has received high civic and academic honours, should be asked to pay his respects formally to his sovereign or her chief representative, this audacious suggestion might not be unfavourably treated.

It is clear that M. Henri Rochefort, in his present frame of mind, is extremely well disposed towards England. He speaks with enthusiasm of his six years' sojourn in London. We hope he will set himself to stem the tide of malicious drivel which flows through some of the Paris journals whenever they think of perfidious Albion. M. Rochefort can, if he chooses, tell his countrymen that the Chauvinist idea of England is mischievous and silly. In this respect his exile has been a useful education, and we wish it were recognised as a necessary course of study for every Parisian journalist. M. Rochefort has taken advantage of the amnesty to return to France, and he announces himself to be the uncompromising enemy of public corruption. This is well, but it suggests some ironical reminiscences of M. Rochefort's political hero, the late General Boulanger.

The Australians have won another great victory over the English cricketers. Mr. Stoddart's team made a poor display at Sydney, having all the luck of an "unplayable" wicket against them. On the Australian side, the invincible Albert Trott carried out his bat for the third time in succession, and with a score of eighty-five, more than the entire English eleven made in either of their innings. Certainly no pains must be spared to inveigle Albert Trott to England and make him the transplanted glory of an English county.

Mr. Frank Dethridge, the energetic vestry-clerk of Paddington, is endeavouring, with the assistance of a local committee, to organise a subscription for a memorial to be raised on the tomb of Mrs. Siddons in Paddington churchyard. The grave is indicated at present by a simple slab, and nothing has been done to distinguish the spot except by placing round it a few vases. An appeal for funds to erect a monument ought to receive widespread support.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, has welcomed her eldest daughter, the German Empress Frederick, who arrived at Portsmouth from Flushing, in the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, on Thursday, Feb. 7. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, have been staying a few days with their royal mother. The Queen comes to London on Monday, Feb. 18, and on Feb. 20 goes to Windsor.

The Princess of Wales has returned from her long stay in Russia and her recent visit to her parents at Copenhagen, arriving in England on Tuesday, Feb. 5; the Prince of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud came from Sandringham the day before to meet her Royal Highness, and so did the Duke and Duchess of York. She crossed from Calais to Dover, and reached the Charing Cross station at noon, proceeding to Marlborough House.

The opening of the Parliamentary session on Tuesday, Feb. 5, has cast a few immediately preceding incidents of political activity into the shade. Mr. Asquith and Mr. John Morley spoke at Newcastle on Jan. 30, and the former again next day at Bishop Auckland. The Home Secretary, in his second speech, dwelt upon Government inspection of factories and workshops, and employers' liability for accidents. A Cabinet Council was held on Friday, Feb. 1, to settle the Queen's Speech, and Lord Rosebery went to Osborne that evening to lay it before her Majesty. On Monday, Feb. 4, the leaders of parties in both Houses of Parliament—Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, and others—gave dinners to their respective followers.

Mr. T. G. Fardell, a member of the London County Council, has been selected as Conservative candidate for South Paddington, the seat made vacant by the death of Lord Randolph Churchill. Capt. Naylor-Leyland has resigned his seat for Colchester; the Conservative candidate is Captain J. M. Vereker, and Sir Weetman Dickinson Pearson is the Liberal candidate.

The Lady Mayoress, the wife of Sir Joseph Renals, on Tuesday, Feb. 5, gave her first afternoon reception at the Mansion House, and will repeat it on the first Tuesday of each month.

The new Governor of Bombay, Lord Sandhurst, left England on Feb. 1. The Hon. Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson have also departed for South Africa.

General Annibale Ferrero has been appointed Italian Ambassador to Great Britain upon the removal of Count Tornelli.

The Judges of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice have issued the rules framed for trials in the new court for commercial causes in London, to begin on Feb. 20; Mr. Justice Mathew will sit daily, from March 1, in this court.

An instructive performance of a military movement by the London Volunteers' battalions, mustering 12,000 men, accompanied by the Guards' infantry brigade, took place on Saturday evening, Feb. 2, under the command of General Lord Methuen. It was a march-out of seven brigades, from different barracks and headquarters, to assemble on Clapham Common at seven o'clock. Two columns of the Guards came from the Wellington and the Chelsea Barracks; the East London Volunteers crossed the Thames from the Victoria Embankment by Westminster Bridge; the North London by Vauxhall Bridge, and other Middlesex corps by the Chelsea, Albert, and Battersea Bridges; there were also two brigades on the Surrey side. The commanding officers were Colonel Fludyer (Scots Guards), Lord Arthur Wellesley (Grenadier Guards), Colonel Gascoigne (Scots Guards), Colonel Sterling (Coldstream Guards), Colonel Oliphant, Colonel Trotter, and Lord Belhaven. Cyclists and signallers assisted the movement, which was punctually executed, notwithstanding the severe weather.

The terrible disaster in the North Sea, that of the sinking of the *Elbe*, a German steam-ship, with passengers for New York, is described and illustrated in this week's publication. The Ramsgate life-boat *Bradford* on Jan. 30

put out in a severe gale to aid a steamer that was aground upon the North Goodwin Sands, and rendered useful service; but the life-boat crew, during eighteen hours, bore a very hard and severe struggle, and there was much anxiety on shore about their safety.

The conference on light railways, presided over by Mr. Bryce at the Board of Trade, met on Jan. 31, and adopted a report, with a promise of the Government to ask Parliament to pass a Bill empowering local authorities to undertake or aid the construction of such lines.

The massacres and other cruelties lately perpetrated by the Kurds and the Turkish soldiery in the Sasun district of Armenia have been verified, to a certain extent, by inquiries on the part of a telegraphic news agency. On Monday, Feb. 4, a conference at the Westminster Palace Hotel, convened by the Anglo-Armenian Association, was presided over by Mr. F. S. Stevenson, M.P., and was addressed by Mr. J. E. Ellis, M.P., Mr. Schwann, M.P., the Rev. Canon MacColl, Mr. Percy Knight, and two Armenians—Professor Thoumain and Mr. Hagopian. It was stated in the Queen's Speech, and by Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords, that the Sultan has appointed an official Commission of Inquiry, which will be accompanied by Consular delegates of Great Britain, Russia, and France.

The chalk cliff east of Dover, towards St. Margaret's and the South Foreland, seems to be in a dangerous condition, from cracks in its face and on its summit, apparently undermined by the sea. On Sunday, Feb. 3, a large quantity slipped down with a dull roaring noise heard in

At a French colliery, at Montceau-les-Mines, in the Saône-et-Loire Department, on Feb. 4, there was an explosion of inflammable gas, by which twenty-five men were killed instantly, and as many others, left underground, were not likely to be got out alive.

The trial of Madame Joniaux, at Antwerp, for the murder of her sister, brother, and uncle, by poisoning them, with a view to getting money by life insurance policies, has resulted in a verdict of guilty upon every charge, and she has been sentenced to death. There is an appeal to the Court of Cassation at Brussels.

The Governments of France and Belgium have confirmed an agreement defining the pre-emptive claim of France to a cession of the Congo Free State territory, in the event of the Company to which it belongs, and of which King Leopold II. is personally the head, choosing hereafter to surrender its charter, and of the Belgian Government not then accepting the sovereignty of the Congo region, which would in that case be offered to France.

Earthquake shocks were felt at several places in Norway, Christiansund, Molde, Aalesund, and Bergen, on Feb. 5, but did little damage. In Finmark eleven persons were killed by an avalanche.

The Japanese fleet, under Admiral Ito, co-operating with a land army commanded by General Oyama, in a combined attack on the Chinese forts and war-ships in the harbour of Wei-hai-Wei, on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 30 and Jan. 31, gained considerable success. After many hours' obstinate fighting, the small islet of Leu-kung-tau,

which lies within the harbour, was assailed, together with the forts and batteries on shore. The fighting was stopped by the severe wintry weather, but on Sunday it began again and went on all day; the Chinese at length fled in the direction of Chefoo, and the town of Wei-hai-Wei was occupied by Japanese troops. The Chinese ships in the harbour can scarcely now escape a speedy capture.

On the north side of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, around the important town of Niuchuang, the opposing armies of General Nodzu (the Japanese) and General Sung have been manœuvring, with occasional skirmishes, and a decisive battle is expected immediately.

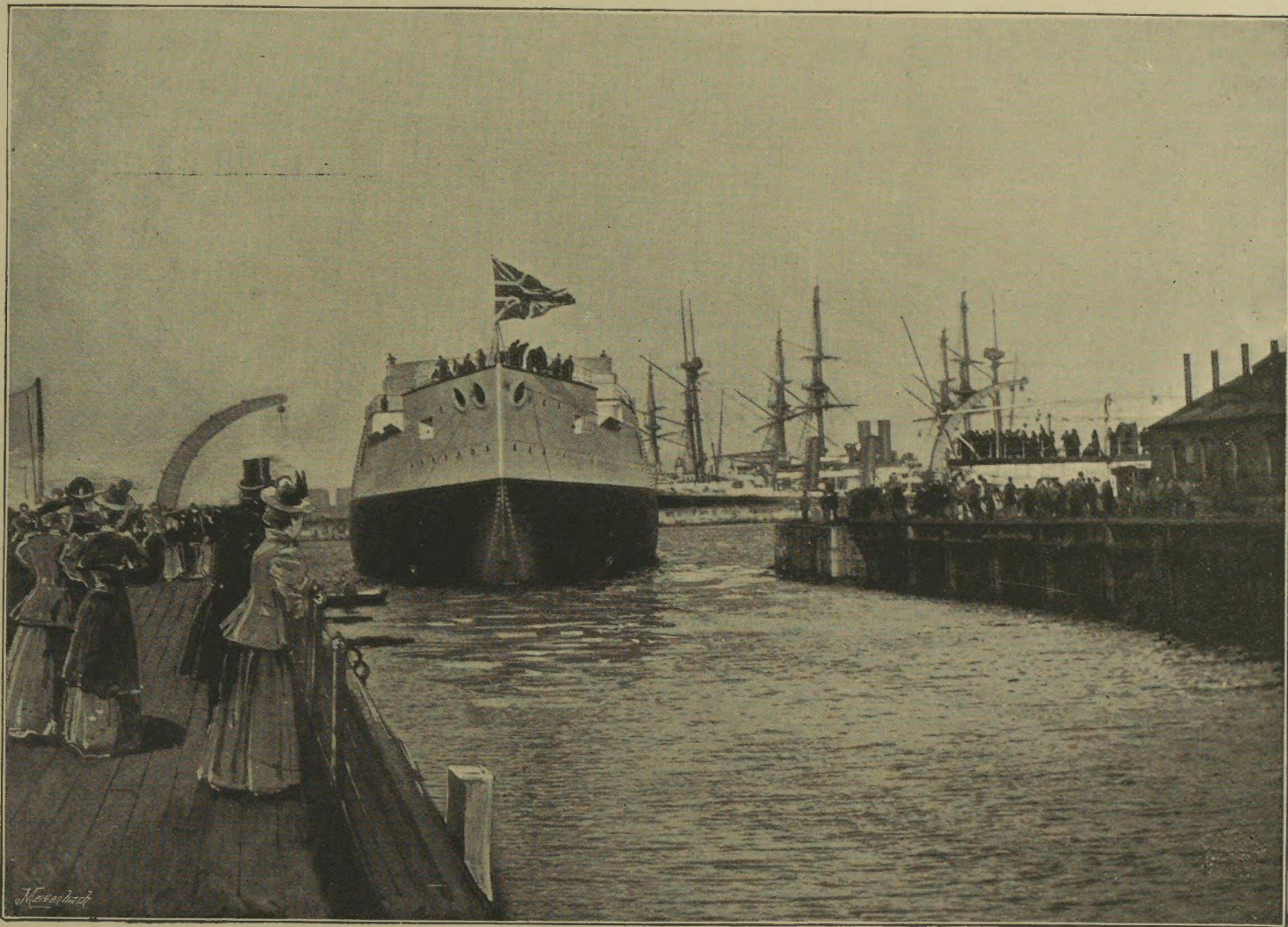
The Chinese envoys sent to Japan to negotiate terms of peace have been obliged to return without entering into any discussion of that business, as it was found that they had no authority to settle any point, but must refer all to Peking.

The station of the Royal Niger Company at Akassa, West Coast of Africa, was attacked, towards the end of December, by the natives of the Brass territory. The inmates were driven out, two of them wounded, and one killed. Sir C. Macdonald, with some of the company's troops, has recovered the station.

An American exploring party, conducted by Dr. Donaldson Smith, with two Englishmen, Mr. F. Gillett and Mr. Dodson, has penetrated into the Galla country, west of Somaliland, going on towards the East African Lakes; but has been stopped by orders of the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, and may be forced to return to the coast.

The strike of tram-car men and consequent riots at Brooklyn, New York, have again become more serious to the public peace since the withdrawal of the State Militia. On the night of Feb. 4 the mob renewed its attack on the tram-cars, ill-treating the men whom the companies have taken into their service, and damaging the companies' property. The Mayor and Aldermen of the city, acting in a hostile spirit towards the companies, have passed a bye-law that no men are to be employed who have not lived four months in the district. The companies intend to appeal to a court of law.

M. Tchellmatz, the Radical Servian ex-Deputy, who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment on the occasion of the recent high treason trial, has made further disclosures concerning the conspiracy to seize King Alexander, and to place Prince Peter Karageorgevich on the Servian throne.



FLOATING OF H.M.S. "MAJESTIC" AT PORTSMOUTH, JANUARY 31.

See "Our Illustrations."

the town, and the whole bay was covered with a cloud of dust. The buildings of the convict prison, the South Foreland lighthouse, and the coast-guard station, may be rendered insecure.

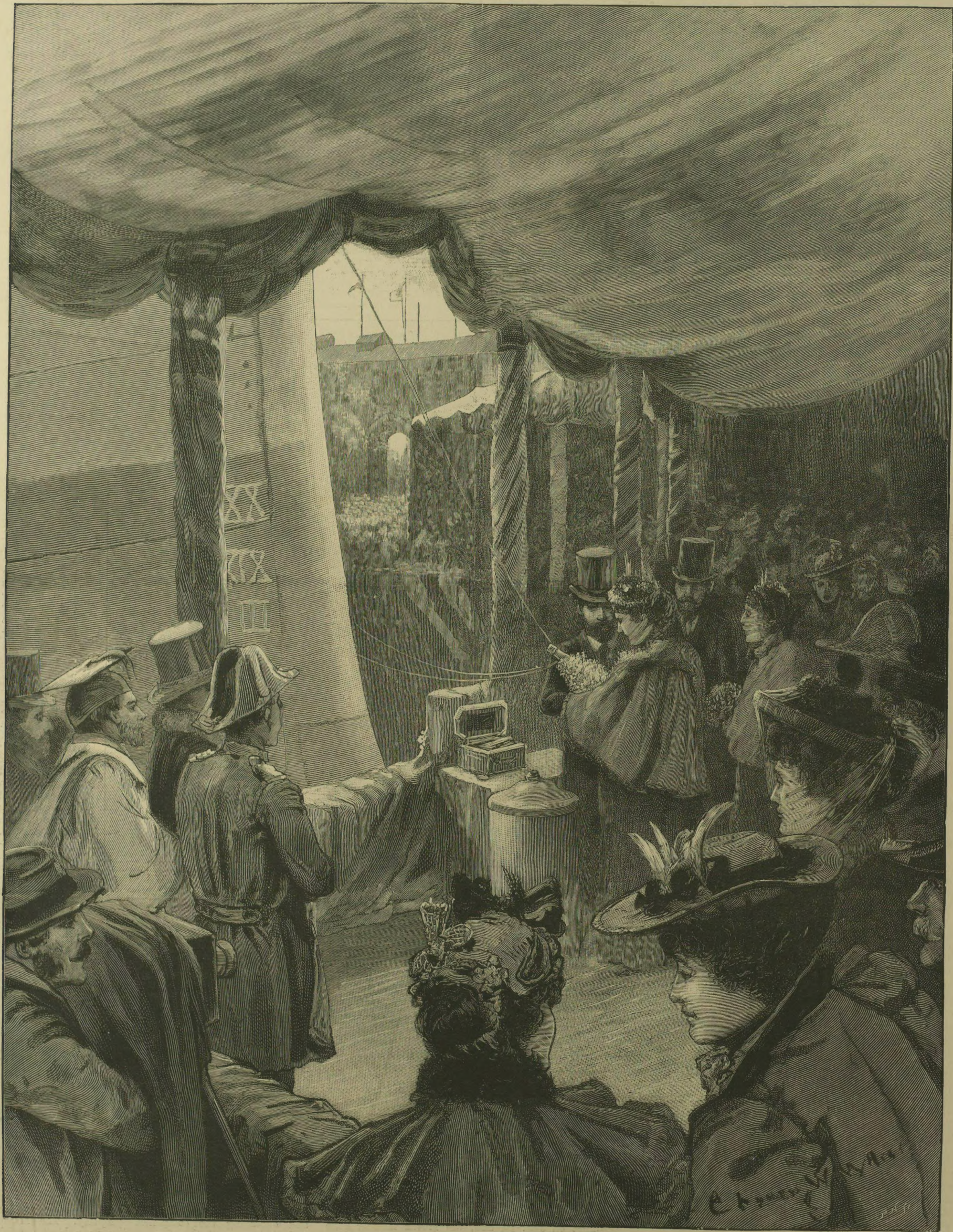
An alarming explosion took place on Feb. 1 in the underground cells of the City of London Electric Light Company's mains at Southwark Bridge. The street paving-stones were torn up by repeated shocks, and three persons were slightly hurt.

It will be remembered that on Dec. 29 there was a similar explosion in the electric-light conduits in the Euston Road. The Board of Trade Inspector, Major Cardew, has now reported that, in his opinion, it was caused by a leakage of coal-gas, from the gas company's mains, and from the mixture of gas and air being fired by the electric spark.

The new French Government, with M. Félix Faure as President of the Republic, and M. Ribot as Prime Minister, encounters much vexation from the conduct of the Radical and Socialist Opposition parties in the Chamber of Deputies. A contract made by M. Faure when he was Minister of Marine, for conveying military stores to Madagascar by an English steam-ship company, has been vehemently assailed. The French war-squadron bombarded the forts of Majunga on Jan. 16, and the Hovas making little resistance, the town was occupied by a force of Marines. In consequence of the amnesty for political offences voted by the Chamber, M. Rochefort, editor of the *Intransigeant*, has returned from his exile in London, and arrived in Paris on Saturday evening, Feb. 2.

The Czar Nicholas II., on Feb. 2, at the Anitchkoff Palace in St. Petersburg, received Colonel Welby and the other officers of the Royal Scots Guards deputed to congratulate his Imperial Majesty upon his being appointed honorary colonel of that regiment.

Photo by Symonds, Portsmouth.



THE FLOATING OF H.M.S. "MAJESTIC," AT PORTSMOUTH, ON JANUARY 31: PRINCESS LOUISE CHRISTENING THE SHIP.



EVE'S RANSOM

BY GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

XI.

Laziest of men and worst of correspondents, Robert Narramore had as yet sent no reply to the letters in which Hilliard acquainted him with his adventures in London and abroad; but at the end of July he vouchsafed a perfunctory scrawl. "Too bad not to write before, but I've been floored every evening after business in this furious heat. You may like to hear that my uncle's property didn't make a bad show. I have come in for a round five thousand, and am putting it into brass bedsteads. Sha'n't be able to get away until the end of August. May see you then." Hilliard mused enviously on the brass bedstead business.

On looking in at the Camden Town music-shop about this time he found Patty Ringrose flurried and vexed by an event which disturbed her prospects. Her uncle the shopkeeper, a widower of about fifty, had announced his intention of marrying again, and, worse still, of giving up his business.

"It's the landlady of the public-house where he goes to play billiards," said Patty with scornful mirth; "a great fat woman! Oh! And he's going to turn publican. And my aunt and me will have to look out for ourselves."

This aunt was the shopkeeper's maiden sister, who had hitherto kept house for him. "She had been promised an allowance," said Patty, "but a very mean one."

"I don't care much for myself," the girl went on; "there's plenty of shops where I can get an engagement, but of course it won't be the same as here, which has been home for me ever since I was a child. There! the things that men will do! I've told him plain to his face that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and so has aunt. And he is ashamed, what's more. Don't you call it disgusting, such a marriage as that?"

Hilliard avoided the delicate question.

"I shouldn't wonder if it hastens another marriage," he said with a smile.

"I know what you mean, but the chances are that marriage won't come off at all. I'm getting tired of men; they're so selfish and unreasonable. Of course I don't mean you, Mr. Hilliard, but—oh! you know what I mean."

"Mr. Dally has fallen under your displeasure?"

"Please don't talk about him. If he thinks he's going to lay down the law to me he'll find his mistake; and it's better he should find it out before it's too late."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Patty's amorous uncle, who returned from his billiards earlier than usual to-day. He scowled at the stranger, but passed into the house without speaking. Hilliard spoke a hurried word or two about Eve and went his way.

Something less than a week after this he chanced to be away from home throughout the whole day, and on returning he was surprised to see a telegram upon his table. It came from Patty Ringrose, and asked him to call at the shop without fail between one and two that day. The hour was now nearly ten; the dispatch had arrived at eleven in the morning.

Without a minute's delay he ran out in search of a cab, and was driven to High Street. Here, of course, he found the shop closed, but it was much too early for the household to have retired to rest; risking an indiscretion, he was about to ring the house-bell when the door opened, and Patty showed herself.

"Oh, is it *you*, Mr. Hilliard!" she exclaimed, in a flurried voice. "I heard the cab stop, and I thought it might be — You'd better come in—quick!"

He followed her along the passage and into the shop, where one gas-jet was burning low.

"Listen!" she resumed, whispering hurriedly. "If Eve comes—she'll let herself in with the latchkey—you must stand quiet here. I shall turn out the gas, and I'll let you out after she's gone upstairs. Couldn't you come before?"

Hilliard explained, and begged her to tell him what was the matter. But Patty kept him in suspense.

"Uncle won't be in till after twelve, so there's no fear. Aunt has gone to bed—she's upset with quarrelling about this marriage. Mind! You won't stir if Eve comes in. Don't talk loud; I must keep listening for the door."

"But what is it? Where is Eve?"

"I don't know. She didn't come home till very late last night, and I don't know where she was. You remember what you asked me to promise?"

"To let me know if you were anxious about her."

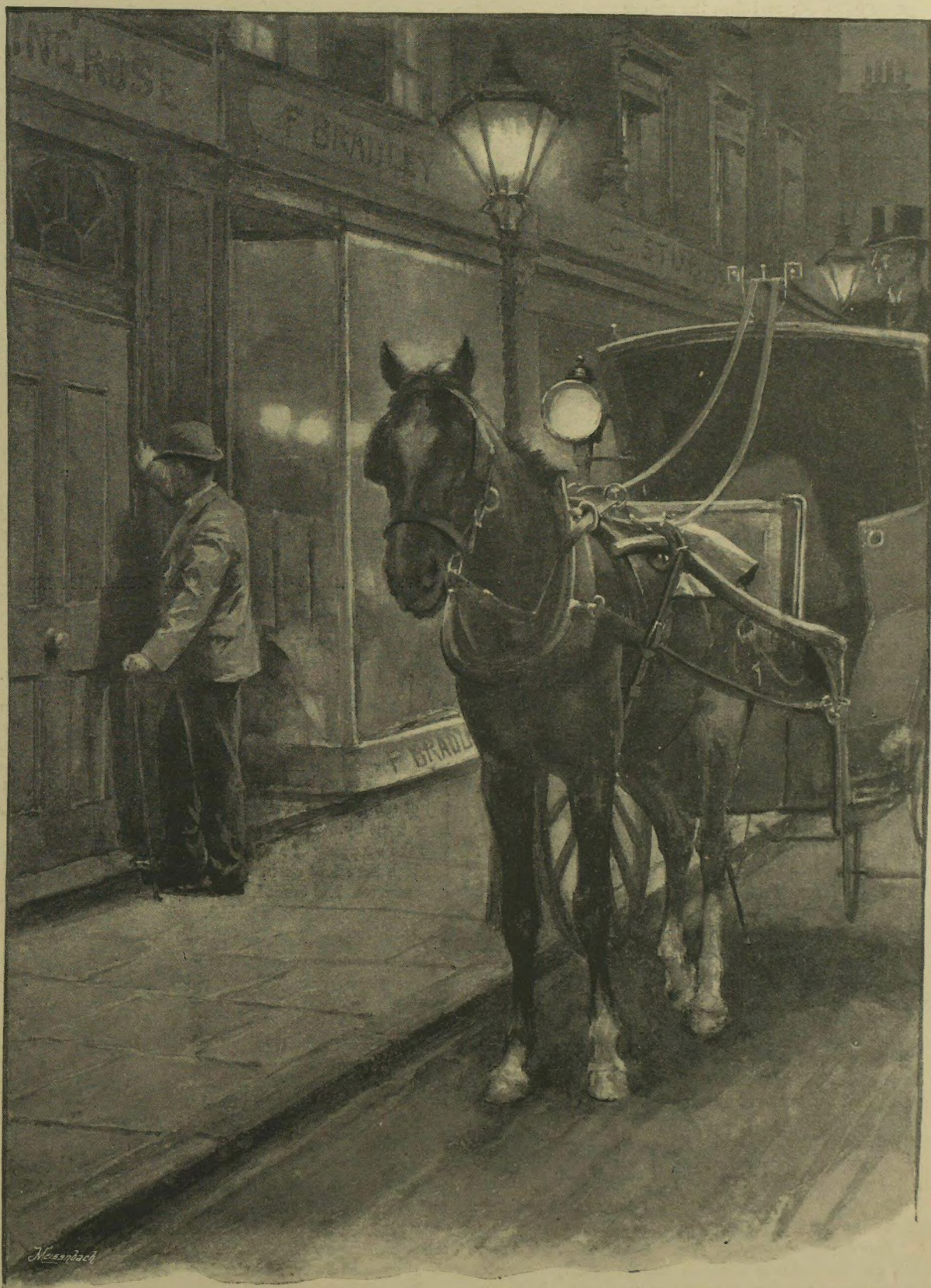
"Yes, and I am. She's in danger. I only hope—"

"What?"

"I don't like to tell you all I know. It doesn't seem right. But I'm so afraid for Eve."

"I can only imagine one kind of danger—"

"Yes—of course, it's that—you know what I mean. But there's more than you could fancy."



He was about to ring the house-bell when the door opened, and Patty showed herself.

"Tell me, then, what has alarmed you?"

"When did you see her last?" Patty inquired.

"More than a week ago. Two or three days before I came here."

"Had you noticed anything?"

"Nothing unusual."

"No more did I, till last Monday night. Then I saw that something was wrong. Hush!"

She gripped his arm, and they listened. But no sound could be heard.

"And since then," Patty pursued, with tremulous eagerness, "she's been very queer. I know she doesn't sleep at night, and she's getting ill, and she's had letters from—someone she oughtn't to have anything to do with."

"Having told me so much, you had better tell me all," said Hilliard, impatiently. There was a cold sweat on his forehead, and his heart beat painfully.

"No. I can't. I can only give you a warning."

"But what's the use of that? What can I do? How can I interfere?"

"I don't know," replied the girl, with a helpless sigh. "She's in danger; that's all I can tell you."

"Patty, don't be a fool! Out with it! Who is the man? Is it someone you know?"

"I don't exactly know him. I've seen him."

"Is he—a sort of gentleman?"

"Oh, yes, he's a gentleman. And you'd never think to look at him that he could do anything that wasn't right."

"Very well. What reason have you for supposing that he's doing wrong?"

Patty kept silence. A band of rowdy fellows just then came shouting along the street, and one of them crashed up against the shop-door, making Patty jump and scream. Oaths and foul language followed; and then the uproar passed away.

"Look here," said Hilliard. "You'll drive me out of my senses. Eve is in love with this man, is she?"

"I'm afraid so. She was."

"Before she went away, you mean. And, of course, her going away had something to do with it?"

"Yes, it had."

Hilliard laid his hands on the girl's shoulders.

"You've got to tell me the plain truth, and be quick about it. I suppose you haven't any idea of the torments I'm suffering. I shall begin to think you're making a fool of me, and that there's nothing but—though that's bad enough for me."

"Very well, I'll tell you. She went away because it came out that the man was married."

"Oh, that's it?" He spoke from a dry throat. "She told you herself?"

"Yes, not long after she came back. She said, of course, she could have no more to do with him. She used to meet him pretty often—"

"Stay, how did she get to know him first?"

"Just by chance—somewhere."

"I understand," said Hilliard, grimly. "Go on."

"And his wife got someone to spy on him, and they found out he was meeting Eve, and she jumped out on them when they were walking somewhere together, and told Eve everything. He wasn't living with his wife, and hasn't been for a long time."

"What's his position?"

"He's in business, and seems to have lots of money; but I don't exactly know what it is he does."

"You are afraid, then, that Eve is being drawn back to him?"

"I feel sure she is—and it's dreadful."

"What I should like to know," said Hilliard, harshly, "is whether she really cares for him, or only for his money."

"Oh! How horrid you are! I never thought you could say such a thing!"

"Perhaps you didn't. All the same, it's a question. I don't pretend to understand Eve Madeley, and I'm afraid you are just as far from knowing her."

"I don't know her? Why, what are you talking about, Mr. Hilliard?"

"What do you think of her, then? Is she a good-hearted girl, or—"

"Or what? Of course she's good-hearted. The things that men do say! They seem to be all alike."

"Women are so far from being all alike that one may think she understands another, and be utterly deceived. Eve has shown her best side to you, no doubt. With me, she hasn't taken any trouble to do so. And if—"

"Hush!"

This time the alarm was justified. A latch-key rattled at the house-door, the door opened, and in the same moment Patty turned out the light.

"It's my uncle," she whispered, terror-stricken. "Don't stir."

XII.

A heavy footstep sounded in the passage, and Hilliard, to whose emotions was now added a sense of ludicrous indignity, heard talk between Patty and her uncle.

"You mustn't lock up yet," said the girl. "Eve is out."

"What's she doing?"

"I don't know. At the theatre with friends, I dare say."

"If we'd been staying on here that young woman would have had to look out for another lodging. There's something I don't like about her, and if you take my advice, Patty, you'll shake her off. She'll do you no good, my girl."

They passed together into the room behind the shop,



A policeman passing threw a glance at them.

and though their voices were still audible, Hilliard could no longer follow the conversation. He stood motionless, just where Patty had left him, with a hand resting on the top of the piano, and it seemed to him that at least half an hour went by. Then a sound close by made him start; it was the snapping of a violin-string; the note reverberated through the silent shop. But by this time the murmur of conversation had ceased, and Hilliard hoped that Patty's uncle had gone upstairs to bed.

As proved to be the case. Presently the door opened, and a voice called to him in a whisper. He obeyed the summons, and, not without stumbling, followed Patty into the open air.

"She hasn't come yet."

"What's the time?"

"Half-past eleven. I shall sit up for her. Did you hear what my uncle said? You mustn't think anything of that; he's always finding fault with people."

"Do you think she will come at all?" asked Hilliard.

"Oh, of course she will!"

"I shall wait about. Don't stand here. Good-night."

"You won't let her know what I've told you?" said Patty, retaining his hand.

"No, I won't. If she doesn't come back at all, I'll see you to-morrow."

He moved away, and the door closed.

Many people were still passing along the street. In his uncertainty as to the direction by which Eve would return—

if return she did—Hilliard ventured only a few yards away. He had waited for about a quarter of an hour, when his eye distinguished a well-known figure quickly approaching. He hurried forward, and Eve stopped before he had quite come up to her.

"Where have you been to-night?" were his first words, sounding more roughly than he intended.

"I wanted to see you. I passed your lodgings and saw there was no light in the windows, else I should have asked for you."

She spoke in so strange a voice, with such show of agitation, that Hilliard stood gazing at her till she again broke silence.

"Have you been waiting here for me?"

"Yes. Patty told me you weren't back."

"Why did you come?"

"Why do I ever come to meet you?"

"We can't talk here," said Eve, turning away. "Come into a quieter place."

They walked in silence to the foot of High Street, and there turned aside into the shadowed solitude of Mornington Crescent. Eve checked her steps, and said abruptly:

"I want to ask you for something."

"What is it?"

"Now that it comes to saying it, I—I'm afraid. And yet if I had asked you that evening when we were at the restaurant—"

"What is it?" Hilliard repeated gruffly.

"That isn't your usual way of speaking to me."

"Will you tell me where you have been to-night?"

"Nowhere—walking about—"

"Do you often walk about the streets till midnight?"

"Indeed I don't."

The reply surprised him by its humility. Her voice all but broke on the words. As well as the dim light would allow, he searched her face, and it seemed to him that her eyes had a redness, as if from shedding tears.

"You haven't been alone!"

"No—I've been with a friend."

"Well, I have no claim upon you. It's nothing to me what friends you go about with. What were you going to ask of me?"

"You have changed so all at once. I thought you would never talk in this way."

"I didn't mean to," said Hilliard.

"I have lost control of myself, that's all. But you can say whatever you meant to say—just as you would have done at the restaurant. I'm the same man I was then."

Eve moved a few steps, but he did not follow her, and she returned. A policeman passing threw a glance at them.

"It's no use asking what I meant to ask," she said, with her eyes on the ground. "You won't grant it me."

"How can I say till I know what it is? There are not many things in my power that I wouldn't do for you."

"I was going to ask for money."

"Money? Why, it depends what you are going to do with it. If it will do you any good, all the money I have is yours, as you know well enough. But I must understand why you want it."

"I can't tell you that. I don't want you to give me money—only to lend it. You shall have it back again, though I can't promise the exact time. If you hadn't changed so, I should have found it easy enough to ask. But I don't know you to-night; it's like talking to a stranger. What has happened to make you so different?"

"I have been waiting a long time for you, that's all," Hilliard replied, endeavouring to use the tone of frank friendliness in which he had been wont to address her. "I got nervous and irritable. I felt uneasy about you. It's all right now. Let us walk on a little. You want money. Well, I have three hundred pounds and more. Call it mine, call it yours. But I must know that you're not going to do anything foolish. Of course, you don't tell me everything; I have no right to expect it. You haven't misled me; I knew from the first that—well, a girl of your age, and with your face, doesn't live alone in London without adventures. I shouldn't think of telling you all mine, and I don't ask to know yours—unless I begin to have a part in them. There's something wrong: of course, I can see that. I think you've been crying, and you don't shed tears for a trifle. Now you come and ask me for money. If it will do you good, take all you want. But I've an uncomfortable suspicion that harm may come of it."

"Why not treat me just like a man-friend? I'm old enough to take care of myself."

"You think so, but I know better. Wait a moment. How much money do you want?"

"Thirty five pounds."

"Exactly thirty-five? And it isn't for your own use?"

"I can't tell you any more. I am in very great need of the money, and if you will lend it me I shall feel very grateful."

"I want no gratitude. I want nothing from you, Eve, except what you can't give me. I can imagine a man in my position giving you money in the hope that it might be your ruin; just to see you brought down, humiliated. There's so much of the brute in us all. But I don't feel that desire."

"Why should you?" she asked, with a change to coldness. "What harm have I done you?"

"No harm at all, and perhaps a great deal of good. I say that I wish you nothing but well. Suppose a gift of all the money I have would smooth your whole life before you, and make you the happy wife of some other man, I would give it you gladly. That kind of thing has often been said, when it meant nothing; it isn't so with me. It has always been more pleasure to me to give than to receive. No merit of mine; I have it from my father. Make clear to me that you are to benefit by this money, and you shall have the cheque as soon as you please."

"I shall benefit by it, because it will relieve me from a dreadful anxiety."

"Or, in other words, will relieve someone else?"

"I can speak only of myself. The kindness will be done to me."

"I must know more than that. Come, now, we assume that there's someone in the background. A friend of yours, let us say. I can't imagine why this friend of yours wants money, but so it is. You don't contradict me?"

Eve remained mute, her head bent.

"What about your friend and you in the future? Are you bound to this friend in any irredeemable way?"

"No—I am not," she answered with emotion.

"There is nothing between you but—let us call it mere friendship."

"Nothing—nothing!"

"So far, so good." He looked keenly into her face. "But how about the future?"

"There will never be anything more—there can't be."

"Let us say that you think so at present. Perhaps I don't feel quite so sure of it. I say again, it's nothing to me, unless I get drawn into it by you yourself. I am not your guardian. If I tell you to be careful, it's an impertinence. But the money; that's another affair. I won't help you to misery."

"You will be helping me out of misery!" Eve exclaimed.

"Yes, for the present. I will make a bargain with you."

She looked at him with startled eyes.

"You shall have your thirty-five pounds on condition that you go to live, for so long as I choose, in Paris. You are to leave London in a day or two. Patty shall go with you; her uncle doesn't want her, and she seems to have quarrelled with the man she was engaged to. The expenses are my affair. I shall go to Paris myself, and be there while you are, but you need see no more of me than you like. Those are the terms."

"I can't think you are serious," said Eve.

"Then I'll explain why I wish you to do this. I've thought about you a great deal; in fact, since we first met, my chief occupation has been thinking about you. And I have come to the conclusion that you are suffering from an illness, the result of years of hardship and misery. We have agreed, you remember, that there are a good many points of resemblance between your life and mine, and perhaps between your character and mine. Now, I myself, when I escaped from Dudley, was thoroughly ill—body and soul. The only hope for me was a complete change of circumstances—to throw off the weight of my past life, and learn the meaning of repose, satisfaction, enjoyment. I prescribe the same for you. I am your physician; I undertake your cure. If you refuse to let me, there's an end of everything between us; I shall say good-bye to you to-night, and to-morrow set off for some foreign country."

"How can I leave my work at a moment's notice?"

"The devil take your work—for he alone is the originator of such accursed toil!"

"How can I live at your expense?"

"That's a paltry obstacle. Oh, if you are too proud, say so, and there's an end of it. You know me well enough to feel the absolute truth of what I say, when I assure you that you will remain just as independent of me as you ever were. I shall be spending my money in a way that gives me pleasure; the matter will never appear to me in any other light. Why, call it an additional loan, if it will give any satisfaction to you. You are to pay me back some time. Here in London you perish; across the Channel there, health of body and mind is awaiting you; and are we to talk about money? I shall begin to swear like a trooper; the thing is too preposterous."

Eve said nothing; she stood half turned from him.

"Of course," he pursued, "you may object to leave London. Perhaps the sacrifice is too great. In that case, I should only do right if I carried you off by main force; but I'm afraid it can't be; I must leave you to perish."

"I am quite willing to go away," said Eve in a low voice. "But the shame of it—to be supported by you."

"Why, you don't hate me?"

"You know I do not."

"You even have a certain liking for me. I amuse you; you think me an odd sort of fellow, perhaps with more good than bad in me. At all events, you can trust me?"

"I can trust you perfectly."

"And it isn't as if I wished you to go alone. Patty will be off her head with delight when the thing is proposed to her."

"But how can I explain to her?"

"Don't attempt to. Leave her curiosity a good hard nut to crack. Simply say you are off to Paris, and that, if she'll go with you, you will bear all her expenses."

"It's so difficult to believe that you are in earnest."

"You must somehow bring yourself to believe it. There'll be a cheque ready for you to-morrow morning, to take or refuse. If you take it, you are bound in honour to leave England not later than—we'll say Thursday. That you are to be trusted, I believe just as firmly as you believe it of me."

"I can't decide to-night."

"I can give you only till to-morrow morning. If I don't hear from you by midday, I am gone."

"You shall hear from me—one way or the other."

"Then don't wait here any longer. It's after midnight, and Patty will be alarmed about you. No, we won't shake hands; not that till we strike a bargain."

Eve seemed about to walk away, but she hesitated and turned again.

"I will do as you wish—I will go."

"Excellent! Then speak of it to Patty as soon as possible, and tell me what she says when we meet to-morrow—where and when you like."

"In this same place, at nine o'clock."

"So be it. I will bring the cheque."

"But I must be able to cash it at once."

"So you can. It will be on a London bank. I'll get the cash myself if you like."

Then they shook hands and went in opposite directions.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS.

It is fitting that the long and useful life of the late Bishop of St. Albans should be commemorated in the cathedral of the diocese. The monument which will be unveiled shortly in the north transept is a fine specimen of such work. The sculptor, Mr. Fischer, is to be congratulated on the admirable likeness to Dr. Cloughton which he has given in the recumbent figure. Those who remember the benevolent features of the late Bishop will be most ready to testify to the success of the sculptor. The whole monument is artistically conceived, and is a worthy record in stone of a life whose good influences are as imperishable. The Right Rev. Thomas Legh Cloughton, D.D., was for some time Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. He was consecrated Bishop of Rochester in 1867, and, ten years later, when the see of St. Albans was founded, he was translated thither. Owing to failing health, Dr. Cloughton retired from the bishopric in 1890, being succeeded by Dr. Festing. He died on July 25, 1892, at the age of eighty-four.

Society in New York has lost its arbitrator as to etiquette. Mr. Ward McAllister died on Jan. 31. After writing an amusingly egotistic book entitled "Society as I Have Found It," he came to the front as an excellent subject for innumerable interviews. In countless newspaper articles Mr. McAllister has given his opinions of everything in American social life, and quite lately he discoursed on English habits and customs, casting slurs on the famed style of our tailors. He never failed to be a capital butt for the American humorist in search of a joke.

The announcement that Mr. Henry Irving would lecture at the Royal Institution on Feb. 1 drew as crowded a house as usually assembles at the Lyceum. His subject was "Acting, as an Art," and in the presence of such competent judges as Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and Mrs. Arthur Lewis, he discoursed for more than an hour on this congenial theme. Mr. Irving's peroration was as follows: "Truly the actor's work embraced all the arts. He must first have the gift or faculty of acting—a power that was as much a gift as that of power to paint or to mould, and whose ordered or regulated expression was the function of art. His sympathy must then realise to himself the image in the poet's mind, and by the exercise of his art he

must use his natural powers to the best advantage. His movements were in common with the sculptor's work; his appearance and expression, heightened by costume and pictorial preparation, were in common with the work of the painter, and wrought in a certain degree by the same means and to the same ends; his speaking was in common with the efforts of the musician—to arouse the intelligence by the vibrations and modulations of organised sound. Acting might be evanescent, it might work in the media of common nature, it might be mimetic like the other arts, it might not create, any more than did the astronomer or the naturalist, but it could live, and could add to the sum of human knowledge, in the ever varying study of man's nature by man, and its work could, like the six out of the Seven Wonders of the World, exist as a great memory."

That "Baedeker" of the Press—"Sell's Dictionary"—has just been issued for the fifteenth year in succession. One of its new features is the inclusion of sixty specially designed county maps, showing every town where a newspaper is published. In some cases, where there is a warfare between local journals, it would have been appropriate to have used the old sign of crossed swords to mark these "sites of battles"! Not only is this bulky volume valuable for reference, but it is also extremely interesting. There are this year special articles on "The Teaching of Journalists," "The Political Caricaturists of To-day," etc. The last-named subject is illustrated with examples of work by Phil May, F. C. Gould, Linley Sambourne, William Parkinson, and other clever artists who make the world of politics their happy hunting-ground. Mr. Henry Sell has good reason to be proud of giving for two shillings more than thirteen hundred pages of information of daily value.



MONUMENT TO BISHOP CLOUGHTON, TO BE PLACED IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT OF ST. ALBANS ABBEY.



THE MARCH OF THE 5TH PRUSSIAN RIFLE BATTALION ON SNOW-SHOES THROUGH THE GIANT'S MOUNTAINS, SILESIA.



TO THE RESCUE!

LITERATURE.

RICHARD OWEN.

The Life of Richard Owen. By his grandson, the Rev. Richard Owen, with the scientific portions revised by O. Davies Sherborn; also an Essay on Owen's position in Anatomical Science, by the Right Hon. T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. Portraits and illustrations. Two vols. (John Murray).—Sir Richard Owen lived a long life, and left abundant material for his biography. He preserved all the letters that he received, and both himself and his wife kept full diaries. What Owen omitted in his record was set down by Lady Owen in hers, from important fact to trivial detail. With 15,000 letters, besides other documents and diaries extending over forty years, a biographer should have had no difficulty in selecting only such matter as would throw light on one of the most striking figures of the century, both in his personal characteristics and his place in science. Yet on page after page we come across such unhelpful extracts from the diary of Lady Owen as "Richard was tired"; as their son, "beginning to fidget after he had finished his tea"; as "Richard had a chat with Faraday," when the thing we want to know is what the two chatted about. But the art of proportion is the hardest thing in the world to learn, and few biographers attain unto it.

This must, however, be taken as only a preliminary grumble at the inanities which hinder approach to the generally interesting matter contained in these volumes. Owen was born at Lancaster in 1804. Both he and Whewell, who was nine years his senior, were educated at the Free Grammar School in that town, and, in his sixteenth year, he was apprenticed to a surgeon apothecary. Transferred from one master to another, he was finally indentured to the doctor of the county jail, where the facilities afforded for the dissection of dead prisoners enabled Owen to gratify that love of anatomy which ultimately won for him the appellation of the "British Cuvier," a "collocation," remarks Mr. Huxley, "justified, high as is the praise it implies." Space forbids the barest abstract of the tale he loved to tell about the negro's head, which, in a stumble down hill one frosty night, he jerked out of his bag, and sent rolling into the cottage of a widow whose husband had sailed in a slave-ship. Herein were all the elements of a good ghost-story.

In his twentieth year Owen went to Edinburgh; a year after that he left for London, where he won a smile and invite to his house from the gruff Abernethy, who afterwards laid the foundation-stone of his career by securing him the post of assistant-curator of the Hunterian collection in the Royal College of Surgeons. While thus employed he met Cuvier, who afterwards entertained him in Paris, where, made free of Cuvier's collections, he doubtless received no mean stimulus to his memorable researches in comparative anatomy. Promotion kept near his heels: a chair of anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital; then, for such original work as his elaborate monograph on the Pearly Nautilus and similar memoirs that filled his busy life, the Fellowship of the Royal Society; and in 1836, on the death of Sir Charles Bell (remembered by his Bridgewater treatise on the "Hand"), the Hunterian Professorship, which involved the frequent delivery of lectures. These several positions brought him into further contact with the more prominent savants; brought him, also, all manner of bones and bodies from all quarters—the Zoological Gardens, Wombwell's Menagerie, and private sources. About these there is many an amusing entry for the diversion of the reader; e.g., about "muscular fibre" for dissection after tea; a fragment of human flesh in which Owen discovers the dread *trichina*; a "defunct rhinoceros" which blocks the hall; while the arrival of a portion of elephant causes Lady Owen to "keep all the windows open," and to "get R. to smoke cigars all over the house." Now and again Owen brings home quocor-looking fish for dinner as well as for the dissecting-table.

Public work—especially after his appointment as head of the Natural History Department of the British Museum—service on commissions, sanitary and otherwise, popular lectures in town and country, added to the pressure on him, yet left him margin for the main work of life, and for the good-fellowship he loved. For Owen was a society man *au fond*. He loved to sun himself among royalties and duchesses and bishops. He describes his Court dress with the minuteness and vanity of Pepys. But if the names of dwellers in palaces are sprinkled freely through the pages of the dairies, other names that the world will less "willingly let die" are there, with many a shrewd, and rarely ungenial, comment. We meet Ruskin and Tennyson, Dickens and Landseer, Disraeli, "with impassive aspect," and Carlyle, who hopes that Owen "will get his Natural History Museum." He did get it; how hard he worked for it the diaries and letters tell; and his statue fitly adorns the building which his energy reared. Full of years and honours—the distinctions conferred on him, apart from fellowships of learned societies, number ninety-three—he retired from the public service in his eightieth year. The list of his works, large and small, fills fifty pages in these volumes, but we learn not from these what is Owen's title to permanent place among the savants of the Victorian era. Mr. Huxley tells us this in his elaborate and voluminous essay; additionally welcome for the general survey of the progress of anatomical science which it includes. He accords to Owen "a high place among those who have made great and permanently valuable contributions to knowledge," and adds, "If I mistake not, the historian of comparative anatomy and of paleontology will always assign to him a place next to and hardly lower than that of Cuvier."

Remembering the nature of the controversy between the

two, the revival of reference to which Mr. Huxley deprecates, tribute is due to the gentle and generous way in which he deals with—for his own abiding renown—the unhappy attitude of Owen towards the theory of organic evolution. The dominance of old ideas, the force of social opinion, the influence of the men with whom he was reluctant to break, largely explain this. But it was also due to his taking no pains to acquire the knowledge which, supplementing his own, must have overcome the artificial and fleeting tendencies which arrested him. To Owen may therefore be applied, with deeper meaning, what Matthew Arnold says of Gray: "He never spoke out."

EDWARD CLODD.

LIFE AT THE ZOO.

Life at the Zoo: Notes and Traditions. By C. J. Cornish. With illustrations from photographs by Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S., and from Japanese drawings. (London: Seeley and Co., Limited, Essex Street, Strand.)—Out of such a juicy subject it would surely be difficult for anybody to make a dry book. And when the writer has an easy style and considerable felicity in description, one would naturally expect from "Life at the Zoo" an eminently pleasing book. But Mr. Cornish has just fallen short of that. His volume is distinctly readable; some of the chapters—notably those on the effect of musical sounds and of perfumes upon the different beasts, come quite up to the standard of expectation. But running through it there is an uncomfortable absence of conviction, as if the writer were not sure of his ground, which infects his reader, and a



MARTIAL HAWK EAGLE.

From "Life at the Zoo." (Seeley and Co.)

Photo by Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

curious want of finality in much of what he says, so that one gets up from the meal feeling hungry. As someone said of a Chinese banquet of forty courses, he felt at the end of it as if he had been sucking a gum-brush for two hours. It is not that Mr. Cornish cannot be positive; he is often very positive, and sometimes on points where few could agree with him. For instance, his conclusion after a discursive gossip about animals in war is that we "could make Egypt the nucleus of a camel transport unrivalled in the history of the world"; and that, if we did this, "we should probably save in our next considerable war millions of money and hundreds of soldiers' lives." How, why, or where? Ask Lord Roberts, or Lord Wolseley, which he would rather have, two camels on a march or one mule. Another chapter of chit-chat about fur and feathers in winter leads Mr. Cornish to this conclusion: "The frosts of winter are mainly interesting at the Zoo as the time when the inmates exhibit the full beauty and vitality of vigorous maturity." It is the general opinion—founded on a scientific basis, that the very reverse is the fact—that the depth of winter is *not* the time to see our guests at the Zoo at their best. Another chapter comes to a finish with this result: "Parrots and the crow tribe are both imitative, but the parrots' beaks and tongues are more suited for imitating human speech, just as the raven, with his high-arched beak and big throat, excels the jay." What has the shape of the beak got to do with imitating the human voice? The toucan, with his high-arched bill and big throat, does not "talk" at all; while the Indian hill-myna, with its little straight starling-beak, is certainly not inferior to any parrot. Or, again, take this positive statement: "What roast swan is to roast goose, such is roast peacock to roast turkey," meaning that swan and peacock are vastly superior to goose and turkey. Now, has Mr. Cornish ever eaten

roast swan? He does not say that he has, but goes on frivolously to compare a "tender" pea-chick with a "stringy" turkey, which is not only absurd, but a very deplorable trifling with a solemn subject. We advise him to try an old swan, and then a green goose, and after that rewrite his sentence, even if he has to sacrifice ornamental antithesis to prosaic fact. Similar examples of questionable conclusion are so freely sprinkled up and down these pages that the reader, quite early in the volume, begins to feel suspicious, and when he reads that young hawks are "irresponsible to any form of kindness"; that the wings of the Atlas moth are "as wide as those of a missel-thrush," and the wings of the moon-moth "as wide as a swallow's"; that beavers "live entirely on the branches of trees"; that the tarantula "is like a long-legged hairy crab, quite seven inches from claw to claw, with enormous brown poison-fangs like a beak," and so forth, his suspicions begin to harden into a mistrust of the writer's facts as well as of his deductions from them. When Mr. Cornish is actually describing life in the Zoo he is excellent, even if inconclusive. Mr. Gambier Bolton's photographs are admirable, and the publishers have done both author and artist the fullest justice in the way they have brought out the book.

PHIL ROBINSON.

A STORY BY MISS CLEMENTINA BLACK.

An Agitator. By Clementina Black. (London: Bliss, Sands, and Foster.)—In one short volume the writer, with the crisp, graphic terseness so characteristic of her style, introduces her hero, Kit Brand, at the very turning point in his career. "An Agitator" may, indeed, be described rather as an episode than as a complete story. Its chief charm lies in its suggestiveness, and in the vision of the future which each reader as he turns over the last page must perforce conjure up for himself. It is pre-eminently a story of to-day, depicting as it does the struggles and aspirations of the multitude, and the sympathetic concern for others evinced by the more prosperous sections of the community. Tried by the ordeal of most cruel and unforeseen circumstances, a brave man is tested and not found wanting. Staunch and true from the first, the finer, nobler qualities of his soul are developed in a prison cell, whence he emerges glorified alike in the eyes of friend and foe, but humbled in the self-knowledge begotten of enforced solitude. Brand's career is said to bear a startling resemblance to that of a well-known English Labour leader of our own times, and many guesses will doubtless be hazarded in those quarters where considerable curiosity has been aroused. To spare the tongues of her readers and the ink of her reviewers, Miss Black has, by way of preface, made complete disclaimer of any attempt at portraiture. "An Agitator" is purely the child of her imagination, and for any coincidence which others may trace she claims to be absolutely irresponsible. The son of a distinguished father, Kit Brand had been brought up by foster-parents amid sordid surroundings, the pressure of which were to him doubly trying by reason of his inherited love of refinement. He grew up as the ugly duckling; and among his mates in the engineer's shop, ignorant although they were of his origin, he was invariably dubbed the "aristocrat." Born to be a leader of others, notwithstanding a certain aloofness between him and his comrades, an aloofness which was to him a source of positive pain, he was stunted on learning that, after all, he was not one of the "masses." The career he had planned seemed about to be nipped in the bud, when, turning to his reputed father, he says with a broken voice, "I wonder whether you know how much rather I would have been your son." Brand's real father, Sir John Warren, meets his son for the first time in court, and, struck with the power of the young man as he pleads his own case before the Bench, he is seized with an uncontrollable longing to raise him to wealth and station. Sir John, as a great legal luminary and a rising Liberal statesman, baits his political hook most deftly, but his fish refuses to rise. The agitator is obdurate. He has taken his stand for the people and for the cause of labour, and although of most ambitious nature, he repulses each and every advance which might wean him from the side he has espoused.

Even when deserted by those for whom he has sacrificed all, Brand still stands firm. As a strike leader introduced to us at the Green Dragon, Mudford, as a distinguished guest at the Socialist League in Russell Square, as the successful candidate for Parliament in the borough which had once rejected his good offices in the cause of labour, Brand is vigorous and versatile, but a trifle wooden and unreal. He is an agitator rather than a man, and we must confess to finding little or no human interest in him until, in the hour of his brief triumph, he slinks out to visit his empty home and the churchyard where wife and child lie buried. Within a few hours comes the climax; the awful abyss opens, and from the heights of his proudest attainment he falls to the lowest depths. This is not a love story. Rather it is a love story written backwards, with memories more tender than even the most glowing anticipation can possibly be sweet. If a pathetic episode, it gleams bright with the finest optimism based on experience of the past and a grand determination for the future. This is a little book that invigorates even the most timid. To the English reader it may seem as a life portrait; to the American who has yet to gauge the social forces and the problems that await solution, it will come in the nature of a surprise. By way of relief, we have in the Hon. and Rev. Oliver Pelham and his charming wife, a pair of ideal lovers. Regardless of episcopal frowns and diocesan exile, they make common cause with the Trades Unionists, and when not otherwise engaged, study Socialism in Russell Square.

J.B.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Before these lines appear in print the mortal remains of Canrobert will have been carried to their last resting-place,

more absolutely master of his destinies than he had been at school; at eighteen, Sub-Lieutenant Canrobert was even a greater slave to his duties than he had been as a military cadet. Here lies the whole of the difference between the two men with whose names the whole of Paris was ringing

a week ago—a difference which became more accentuated as they advanced in life. Canrobert, whether as a lieutenant, a captain, a colonel, or a general, never stopped to inquire who ruled France. He served his country and was blindly obedient to those set over him; Rochefort never ceases for one moment to inquire who rules France, and whosoever rules, he is wilfully in revolt, even against those whom he has helped to raise to power.

Canrobert, blindly obedient as a subaltern, begins by exacting similar blind obedience when in command. When told, however, by those who have greater experience than he hashimself that a little less tension will be more advantageous to his country, "inasmuch as your soldiers will follow you all the more eagerly on the day of battle"—as old Marshal Bugeaud says to him—he accepts the advice and profits by it. Rochefort, who does not know the meaning of the word obedience, incited the scum of Paris to revolt against the very Government (?) to which he belonged. I am not alluding to the Commune, but to the prologue to it in October 1870.

Canrobert, who was the son of an officer who had served under Condé, consequently an aristocrat—for in those days French officers did not rise from the ranks—never had an inordinate admiration for the people. His profession itself was calculated to make him an autocrat, yet he could be kind without being condescending to the humblest. One day, at an informal review at Châlons, held in the presence of Napoleon III., a soldier's new leggings were badly adjusted. "I'll send my children's nursemaid to dress you," said the Marshal reprovingly. "There's no necessity to send her, mon Maréchal," was the instantaneous reply, "I see her every evening." The Marshal of France simply laughed. Rochefort, though professing the utmost admiration for the so-called democracy, is never at his ease with them. Though by no means a coward, he is frightened of them.

Canrobert, though he had some reason for complaint against Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War, never



CHINESE AMMUNITION TRAIN STARTING FROM NIUCHUANG FOR THE FRONT; CAPTURED BY JAPANESE A FEW DAYS AFTERWARDS.

and M. Henri Rochefort will have left our shores to make his triumphal entry into Paris. I knew the old soldier better than I know the eminent journalist, although I have been and am still on cordial terms with the latter, for he rendered me many little services in the way of information when I was located in Paris, and I have, moreover, a great admiration for his talents. Yet I cannot help thinking that Canrobert was more useful to his country than Rochefort has ever been or is likely to be; for the one was the incarnation of the spirit of order and obedience, and the other—well, the other is the incarnation of the spirit of disorder and disobedience.

During his stay at the Military Academy of Saint Cyr, young Canrobert never incurred a single punishment; young Henri Rochefort was a very turbulent scholar and, like another future man of wit, Eugène Labiche, the playwright, a thorn in the side of his masters. "We will let you off your lessons and pensums, M. Labiche," said the tutors, "provided you keep quiet." And the future author of a score of pieces that set the whole of Paris roaring with laughter acquiesced reluctantly, for though his dislike of learning was strong, his love of mischief was stronger. The future author of *La Lanterne* was not to be bribed into orderly behaviour in that way; he knew that with a little trouble on his part he might outshine his fellow-scholars; so he was under no obligation to his teachers, and led them a life accordingly.

The boy is not always father to the man: he is often his mother. The father, though loving, is severe; the mother is indulgent and spoils him. The boy Rochefort was mother to the man Rochefort; the boy Canrobert was stepmother to the man Canrobert. At eighteen, Rochefort was even



NIUCHUANG CUSTOM HOUSE BEFORE THE RIVER WAS CLOSED BY ICE.



NIUCHUANG: OUR ONLY SHOPS, RIVER STILL OPEN.

ceased to speak in the highest terms of England and the English. Rochefort, who never had a just grievance against us, often wrote in the most insulting terms of us. When the news of Oliver Pain's death came, he openly accused the English of having murdered or poisoned him, though, of course, there was not a particle of evidence to support his assertion. He loudly clamoured for the late Lord Lyons' "hide" (textual), and but for the measures of the Government there would have been a riot in the Faubourg St. Honoré. As it was, there was the beginning of a disturbance.

According to a contemporary, "M. Rochefort leaves London with something like regret, and will carry away with him a respectful memory. If only leisure be granted to him, he will even write a work upon the English capital, and prove to his countrymen that they have never understood the city of fog and dignity." I feel like Falstaff's tailor when he doubted the value of Bardolph's guarantee for the burly knight's shortcloak and slops. I want a better assurance of M. Rochefort's goodwill towards us than the paragraph of our well-meaning contemporary.

THE POSITION AT NIUCHUANG.

The Japanese are concentrating, according to latest advices, a large force upon Niuchuang. General Liu has arrived there with 20,000 men. The Chinese troops have fled in terror from the place, as many as 11,000 being midway between Yinghow and Niuchuang. "One of our Illustrations shows the departure of a heavily laden Chinese ammunition train. This very train fell into the hands of the Japanese a few days after, being intercepted and captured without much resistance.



LOVE IN IDLENESS.

PAINTED BY L. ALMA-TADEMA.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.

LETTER-WRITERS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The conventional reproach about the lack of good letters in modern life is probably not without foundation. The cause is not so much the lack of writers, as the lack of readers. The heart of the recipient of a long letter (especially from Australia) sinks into his boots, and perhaps he never reads it at all. But it is conceivable that a recipient in Australia rather likes a long letter "from home." In the last century—indeed, in all centuries—every country, nay, every distant county, was, practically, Australia. Letters were long on the way, so people thought it a duty to put a good deal into them; letters cost much, so people strove to get their money's worth. Now we are so frivolous that from a land as far away as Samoa a man will write a note as if to a friend in the next street. Still, there remain people who can and do write good letters. Moreover, few seem to be haunted, though really all ought to be, by the fear or hope that these letters will be published. This inspired many of the old eminent hands, so that they did their best, for posterity and for fame, as well as for their correspondent.

In judging letter-writers, we too often blame them, not for their own fault, but for the stupidity of those to whom they wrote. Miss Austen's is an instance. Writing to worthy dull ladies who liked flat gossip, she gave it to them in the manner of Mr. Woodhouse's gruel. She kept her wit for the world. Gray is a most painful example. I have seldom read more dreary letters than Gray's. He could not help himself—he was writing to Mason! The infamous Mason was occupied, it seems, on some windy

private (and very useless) spy to serve the ends of Sir Horace Mann. If Macaulay had a good heart (as he had), Walpole's was no less tender and faithful. And both men were admirable letter-writers. Walpole seriously put forth his strength to give Mann all the political and social news worth having, all the scandal and all the epigrams. This was a weekly task, happily for posterity. Walpole did not, like Gray and Byron, repeat much to one correspondent what he had written to another. He held himself well in hand, not to discourage the "wet-brown-paper" character of his friend. We do not learn that the Highlanders gave him such a fright in the Forty-Five till long after all was over. This is the kind of man whom Macaulay vituperates—and why? Simply because Horace knew his own limitations. He knew that he was not cast for a politician, and he knew that his own published books were not of great importance. Knowing what real learning is, he hated to be called "the learned author." He had a very keen sense of the frivolousness of ordinary literature. This is so rare in authors that it is looked on, in them, as affectation. Perhaps Walpole was rather a puppy as a young man, but one cannot be perfect. His confession of his wrongs towards Gray is made in a style highly worthy of a good man's penitence, is dignified, upright, and honourable to his character. True, he was a collector, but then he collected the right things. His appreciation of the early Italian painters, and of all mediæval art, was far in advance of his age. In history he appreciated the value of documents, and saved them from destruction. He declined to be deceived by Chatterton, having been beguiled for a moment by Macpherson, but where is the moral obliquity in being a sound antiquary?

CHEFOO HARBOUR.

The bird's-eye view of Chefoo Harbour is interesting because during the war in Eastern Asia it has been the headquarters of the British fleet. It was chosen rather for its position than for any shelter it affords. The northerly gales and the heavy swell which sometimes rises, and which has already caused several ships to drag their anchors, have made Chefoo anything but a satisfactory harbour. Preference for either Chusan or Nagasaki has been expressed by the British officers. Were it not for the war the fleet would at present be cruising round the Korean coast; and as the sporting lieutenant thinks of the geese at Port Lazareff waiting to be shot, of the salmon at Olga Bay waiting for his rod, he arrives at the opinion that if the war is allowed to go on it will ruin British trade in the East. A few days are stolen from every month to recoup at Nagasaki, and on these occasions the said lieutenant contents himself with the mild sport of paperchasing, to the bewilderment of the Japanese, who care as little as the French for such outdoor recreations. Our illustration shows the British fleet lately reinforced by the *Edgar* and *Holus*. A naval officer, writing from Chefoo, says that one of the most striking features of this war is the enormous advantage which a fleet burning Welsh coal would have over one burning ordinary coal. On every occasion that British vessels have met either the Chinese or Japanese fleet, their presence has been denoted by clouds of smoke long before their masts appeared above the horizon. The ships of both nations are painted dark grey, to render them less noticeable. At sea, however, grey, appears to show up black against the sky-line, and is more conspicuous than white. With a dark background the grey answers very well, rendering a ship lying close under the land almost invisible. At a distance the Chinese can always be distinguished from their opponents by their funnels, which are yellow; the Japanese are grey. The correspondent of the Central News Agency dispatched from Chefoo on Feb. 1 a detailed account of the capture of Wei-hai-Wei. The Chinese offered little resistance, and lost about 2000 men. The European residents at Wei-hai-Wei seem to have received no injuries. All the Chinese vessels were lying in Chefoo Harbour. Leu-kung-tau, an island with many Government forts and workshops, has also fallen into the hands of the enemy.

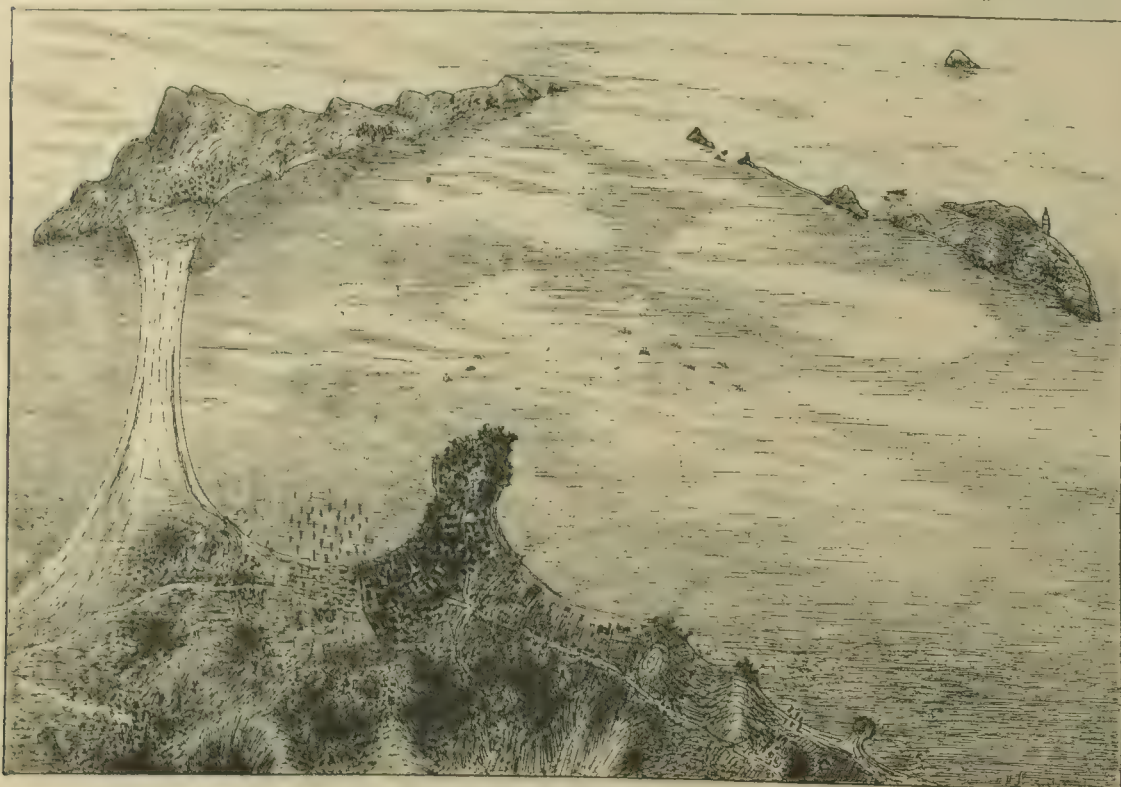
Certain opponents of Mr. Gladstone's Government used to taunt it with always being "too late." They might, if so disposed, with more reason apply those words to the Prime Minister, who on two recent public occasions has suffered inconvenience by being too late. The caricaturists were very busy with Lord Rosebery's failure to join his colleagues when they left the pier bound for the Ministerial Whitebait Dinner. Now they have another chance, for on Feb. 1 his Lordship inadvertently instructed his coachman to drive to Victoria instead of Waterloo, and so missed the train which was to convey him to Osborne.

Lovers of dogs will appreciate this amusing story culled from Dr. Kitchin's Memoir of the late Bishop of Winchester. Of one of the Bishop's pets he writes: "The dog was a creature of bad disposition, with many evil tricks and ways. It was nursed by an old servant of the house through a bad illness with the utmost care and affection; and when the creature recovered it was found, to the surprise of all, to have turned over a new leaf; it had become perfectly sweet-tempered, had forgotten or laid aside all tiresome tricks and ways, and was, as they said, altogether another dog. After the animal's death, the servant who had been so kind to it seemed inconsolable, and Mrs. Harold Browne, by way of cheering her, said to her, 'But you know the Bishop thinks there may be another life for animals as well as for men, so that perhaps you will see him again'; and the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, replied, 'I knew it, Ma'am, I did, but I didn't think it was right to say so; but now, if the Bishop thinks so too, I know it is all right with the poor beast.'"

Lovers of pets often desire to ensure that they should be well treated after their owners' death. In the *Avicultural Magazine* for February this anxiety expresses itself in a letter asking whether it would be feasible for members of the Avicultural Society to bequeath their birds to the Society, to the mutual advantage of birds and bird-lovers. The writer is "slowly convalescing from typhoid fever," and says that during a seven-weeks' imprisonment in bed "the question which constantly recurred to me was, What will become of my feathered friends if I die?" One hopes that a happy home would, in any case, delight "Jot, the jolly little Caique, with his pretty whistle and merry ways." His owner certainly gives a good testimonial to Jot, who possibly has some of the credit for the recovery of his proprietor. "Eminently sociable, he will go to any stranger and very gently pinch ear or finger to test their powers of endurance; if they show signs of fear he has a hearty laugh at their expense, for vice he has none, and never means to hurt them. He is a good dancer, and loves to display his talent whenever a tune is whistled, preferably the 'Old Kent Road.' Bathing, splashing, and rubbing himself dry in a cloth is indulged in weekly, but to being bathed he will not submit, and to soap he has a decided objection." The Avicultural Society seems growing rapidly in membership. Its secretary is Dr. C. S. Simpson, 2, Portland Road, West Brighton.

To Tientsin and Port Arthur.

Lighthouse Island.



Chinese Town and Settlement Hill.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHEFOO HARBOUR.

poem about Caractacus. Therefore Gray was obliged to be perpetually writing about Caractacus: praising Caractacus, criticising Caractacus, till one flies from the very name of that patriot. Mason's own letters are printed, alas! in footnotes to Walton. They are not quite so dull as Gray's letters to Mason, because Caractacus comes in less frequently. But they are very dull. Sir Horace Mann was not a shining character, though he seems to have been amiable. I have read dozens of his unpublished dispatches to his Government. He is always in a fidget about "the Pretender," on whom he had to act as a spy. And he never really had anything to tell. The Pretender came and went. Sir Horace was always amazed when he departed, and he never could find out why or whither he had gone. Walpole occasionally avers that he has laughed much over Mann's letters, but here the goodness of Walpole's heart is speaking.

What a man Horace Walpole was! how loyal a friend! how true a patriot (granting his politics)! how fond a son! how generous, how kind, how unwearied in good works! His behaviour to Conway, his forty long years of labour at amusing Mann in Florence, his common-sense, kindness, fidelity, place him among the modest heroes of our race. The grim Mr. Carlyle gives his rare good word to Walpole's Memoirs: his Letters have diverted and will divert our race while civilisation endures. And this is the glory of Horace, that he never sank to the level of dull good folk, as Gray sank to Mason, and Miss Austen to her female friends. He gave them of his best, in wit and in intelligence, as he gave them freely from his purse when he was able to take or make an opportunity. Why Macaulay speaks so harshly of Horace Walpole is a mystery. If Macaulay was a Whig, Horace was more; if Macaulay hated the White Rose, Horace hated it more, and kept a

I am running off from my subject into a eulogy of Horace Walpole. With Cicero and Madame de Sévigné, he is, surely, the first and greatest of letter-writers. Of Pliny I am shamefully ignorant, but the Duc de Nivernais, in a dialogue of the dead between him and the lady, brings the reproach of strain, antithesis, and affectation against the worthy ancient. As for Cicero, he is the less judicious Walpole of antiquity, for he mixed himself up with politics. Cicero "gives himself away" more; he is, perhaps, more natural, certainly much more vain. The letters of Scott will, perhaps, never be valued at their proper rate, just because they are so natural, business-like, and unpretentious. Of literary letters, probably none excel Shelley's, while those of Beddoes are certainly well worth reading once for the strange revelation of character. Thackeray's, or the few of Thackeray's which have been published, are, to myself, among the very best in the world for tone, style, wit, and loving kindness. Yet he lived in our railway days, and, by the common formula, should have written few letters, and these only to the point of business. But he was more fortunate than Dickens in his correspondent.

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TEN DAYS IN BOSNIA.

III.—JAJCE AND JÉZERO.

The building of railways and the opening of schools, the enforcement of the conscription and the enfranchisement of the *raya*, are not the only works which Austria has accomplished in Bosnia. Prior to the occupation, a warm welcome was not by any means to be found at the inns of the country. For the most part, they were mere guest-houses; dirty sheds where the unwashed Turk foregathered to discuss the possibility of extracting more money from the Christian. The reproach exists no longer. M. de Kallay, himself a travelled man, has hearkened to the cries of the traveller, and his government has erected, and is erecting, many substantial hotels in all the greater towns. Serajevo itself has a hostelry better than many to be found in Italy or Germany. It possesses also its Versailles in the bathing-station of Ilidze, which lies a twenty minutes' journey from the capital, and is the summer resort of all wealthy Bosnians. The place is as yet a mere suggestion, lying in a cup of the hills; but it has three fine hotels, and the unspeakable Turk is laying out a garden which, perchance, posterity may enjoy. At the moment, the hotels are the chief glory of the station—the hotels and the sulphur baths, to which Serajevo flocks in the height of the intolerable summer. Here, too, is the house of M. de Kallay, who spends a few months every year in Bosnia, and is invariably accompanied by the Baroness, whose many graces and unflinching courage are famous in all Austria. It was this lady who insisted on accompanying her husband to Mostar when insurrection threatened early in this decade, and not only accompanied him, but went without escort, to the complete subjection of the *émeute* and the amazement of her friends. She is now the most popular woman in the two provinces, and she has carried



THE TOURISTS' HOUSE, JÉZERO.

for the threatening aspect of its wheels and for the continual groans it emitted, especially when we were upon the edge of the precipice, and the driver felt disposed to gallop his horses. A five hours' journey in this appalling wooden box would have been intolerable under most circumstances, but was almost to be welcomed in the magnificent passes of the uplands. As we left the influence of cities behind us, and entered upon the truly "savage" mountains which lie beyond Travnik, the grandeur and boldness of the scenery justified all that we had heard of Bosnia. Mile by mile the forests became thicker and of vaster extent. Thousands of acres of hill-land were grown over with a wealth of shrub and tree which the hand of man had never touched; thousands of acres of impenetrable and virgin woods spoke of the riches yet to be gathered from these storehouses of natural wealth. Here upon the summits of the greater hills, stippled with countless shades of satisfying colour—emerald in the valleys, deepening to sepia where the forests crowned the peaks—is the home of the wolf and of the bear; here no peasant dares to come when the snow has whitened the ravines and frost binds the highway. Tales of shepherds devoured, of village fleeing to village for shelter, of woodlanders struck down at their posts, add to the romance of the picture. There is scarce a single horseman, a solitary wayfarer, to mar the stillness and the profound solitude. The mountains seem to sleep, and sleeping to cast a spell of rest even upon the jaded traveller.

A quick descent of the pass being made—the Hungarian whip prefers to gallop down it—the road lays by the river Plevna for a few miles; then sweeps sharply to the left,

and Jajce, white and old and sparkling in the sun, stands out upon the hill-side. Whatever be its claims upon the memory of Bosnians, the picturesqueness of its situation and its speaking antiquity cannot but fascinate all strangers. We have never seen a city whose very gateway conjured up in our minds so many romantic dreams; have never passed a rampart which had so well defied the march of ages. It was as if one had been carried in a moment to the gate of Bagdad, and there left until a miraculous transition should place one at the feet of the Caliph. Never, surely, was there a city set upon a hill so supremely green; never one with walls so white or towers so quaint; never one upon every brick of which the words "*Sum qualis eram*" might be written so fitly. The very lantern-bearer, who greets you after sundown, and admits you through the dark arch to the steep and winding street within the walls, seems a relic of the dead past, an immortal who has watched the rise and fall of generations; the Turk who makes coffee in a cave by the gate has the gravity of centuries upon his benevolent countenance; the beggars in the narrow lanes must be as the beggars were when Jajce fell to the power of Mohammed.

At the foot of the walls of this gem of towns there lies the great cascade which is the chief glory of the place. We were told that it is the deepest fall in Europe. Certainly it is one of the most beautiful and impressive. The waters of the Plevna and the Verbas here meet and dash down a ravine into a rock-strewn bed, where they foam and glisten with a hundred hues. The roar of the cascade is in your ears whatever street of the town you tread; at night, if you



Photo by Charles Scott, Vienna.

MADAME DE KALLAY.

to the Damascus of the West those brilliant social functions and splendid receptions which are characteristic of her house in Vienna.

It is quite possible that in the near future Ilidze will be known as one of the many pleasant spring or autumnal resorts in Southern Europe. The Hungarian bands to be heard there are in themselves worthy of a large notoriety; while the erection of one of the best and most complete racecourses on the Continent has compelled the Austrian Jockey Club to give the station its support. For the timid man, who cannot convince himself that Serajevo is a model of sanitation, this suggestion of a town is a very haven of refuge. He can sleep there, get there his midday siesta, and yet dine and dance in the capital, and pass his mornings in the wondrous bazaar of which we have made mention. It is also possible to make from here all those excursions which are the necessary, and not unwelcome, labour of the tourist. The antiquary, perhaps, will visit first the town of Kakanj-Doboj, where he may see the sarcophagi of the Bogomiles, and listen to the soul-stirring hypotheses which a local guide will unfold to him. The less learned person and the mere barbarian will seek the mountains, and will be rewarded with a glimpse of one of the most beautiful and romantic strongholds which time has spared. We refer to the town of Jajce, a day's journey from the capital, and to the citadel which has made immortal the name of Pete Keglevitch, the man of iron who withstood the Turk when all Bosnia had submitted to Mohammed, and died with his keys still safe at his girdle.

The traveller who visits Jajce in the course of this year will find a railway from Serajevo to the foot of the citadel. In our own case, we got so far only as the old town of Travnik by rail, and there were compelled to embark in a Bosnian chaise. This contrivance was chiefly remarkable



THE LAKE, NEAR JÉZERO.



THE FALL, JAJCE.

are lucky enough to persuade a prefect or other seat of authority to illuminate the fall, you may witness a spectacle which is difficult to surpass.

An hour's journey by carriage takes you from Jajce to Jézéro. The latter hamlet is conspicuous only for a few picturesque harems and a pretty tourists' house; but it stands upon the banks of a lake which is worthy of the mountain passes. The confluence of the Plevna and the Verbas, which gives to Jajce its fall, gives to Jézéro this magnificent sweep of water, which is the chief ornament of the verdurous hills. But the people of the lake are strange enough to be remarkable, and a native band which accompanied our party made the most discordant music that has ever driven men to rashness. Seated in an old canoe, the five minstrels, armed with a fiddle and a fife, a drum made of the carcase of a sheep, and a dreadful machine shaped like a guitar, played merrily as our own boat was driven with powerful sweeps toward the tourists' house. We learn that the quintet was composed of criminals released that day in our honour—a surprising miscarriage of justice which, for the health of the community at Jézéro, has, one hopes, now been repaired.



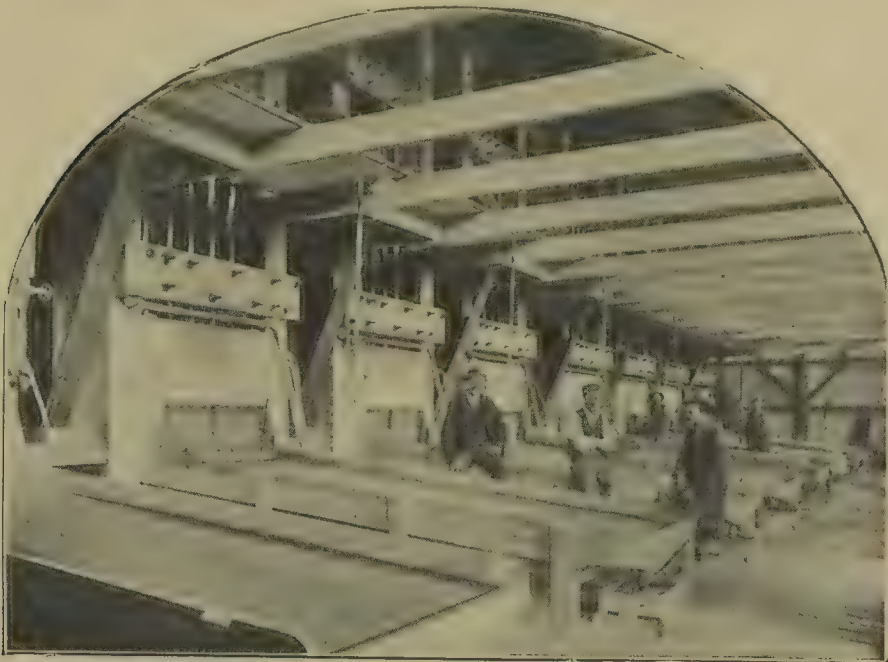
THE GATE, JAJCE.

THE BUFFELSDOORN MINE.

Among the many South African mining properties the names of which have become household words, few have lately received more attention than the Buffelsdoorn Estate. This property, which consists of an extensive farm and a

the property is visited, and detailed views of the battery, the pumping-station, the dynamo-room, the smelting-house, and the cyanide works. Within a comparatively brief period the property has yielded over 85,000 ounces of gold, and the average grade of the rock has been about 10 dwt. to the ton. In the Buffelsdoorn property as at

embracing a mining area equal to about 2500 claims, and thus to raise itself at a bound into the position of one of the most extensive corporations of its kind of which South Africa can boast. The acquisition of this property will not mean, as some have feared, an indefinite postponement of dividends. On the contrary, the scheme which has just



THE BATTERY-ROOM.

Photo by A. Belton, Klerksdorp.



CYANIDE VATS.

Photo by A. Belton, Klerksdorp.

mining area equal to 258 claims, has commanded especial notice because it is avowedly not located on the famous Main Reef of Witwatersrand, and yet its production of gold is only inferior to that of a very few of the leading mines in that auriferous region. Buffelsdoorn is, indeed, situate in the neighbourhood of Klerksdorp, and at a distance from Johannesburg, in a south-westerly direction, of about sixty miles. On the strength of the success which has attended the exploitation of this property, the whole

present existing it has been computed that there are over 6,000,000 tons of ore still to be extracted. This would appear to ensure to the company, at the present rate of production, a life of about sixty years; but the mining magnates of the Transvaal seem to have become thoroughly indoctrinated with the sound economic idea that the shorter the time in which any given mining proposition is finished, the better in the interests of those concerned. Shareholders, however, view the matter in a somewhat

been adopted involves the provision of a working capital of £250,000, and no time is to be lost in turning these new resources to profitable account. It is expected that the development of the property will be phenomenal, even for the Transvaal, and that 140 stamps, instead of 70, as at present, will be pounding away at the end of the present year, returning 10,000 oz. instead of 5000 oz. of gold per month. The eventual production of the company cannot easily be forecasted; but



GENERAL VIEW OF BUFFELSDOORN WORKS.

of the Klerksdorp-Potchefstroom district, which has hitherto been regarded with somewhat dubious eyes, is understood to be looking up; but Buffelsdoorn, by reason both of its extent and the grade of its ore, must remain, probably for all time, the premier mine in that portion of the Transvaal, as much so as the Sheba is of the Barberton district.

Our Illustrations represent a general view of the surface works, which are said to excite the surprise of all by whom

different light, and it is but natural—having regard to the very long price which many companies on Witwatersrand have lately had to pay for their dip ground—that pressure should be put upon boards of directors to acquire without undue delay such deep levels and extensions as will secure to established companies a life of practically indefinite duration.

It is under this pressure that the Buffelsdoorn Company is about to acquire some 30,000 acres of adjacent ground,

its potentialities are obvious. It may be as well to add that two considerable difficulties, which have hitherto impeded the progress of this rising district, are about to disappear. Coal, which has until lately been drawn from the free slate, is now obtained in good quality from a mine newly opened about three miles south of Buffelsdoorn; and transport will soon become greatly facilitated by the Klerksdorp-Krùgersdorp railway, which is to be immediately taken in hand.



DYNAMO-ROOM.

Photo by A. Belton, Klerksdorp.



BATTERY-BUILDINGS.

Photo by A. Belton, Klerksdorp.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The influence of electricity on vegetation has always possessed for scientific men a certain charm, the nature of which is easy to understand. This mysterious form of energy is intimately associated with life all round, and it becomes a matter of extreme interest to determine how far the ordinary operations of living nature may be modified by the application of this force to growing life. This is not a new topic, of course. Long ago Dr. C. W. Siemens experimented upon strawberries, melons, and other fruits with the electric light. A naked electric light proved to be injurious when it was placed close to the plants. When the light was screened by a globe or a pane of glass, no injury resulted, and the general conclusion arrived at was that the plants exposed to the light came to maturity earlier than those grown under their natural conditions. Presuming that light is of all things necessary for plant-growth, the extension of the day, as it were, by means of the electric light naturally resulted in an expediting of the growing processes.

More recent investigations into this subject have been undertaken by Professor L. H. Bailey, who is Professor of Horticulture in Cornell University, U.S.A. Quoting from Deherain's experiments, Professor Bailey tells us that observer found that the electric light contains rays harmful to vegetation; that the greater part of those rays are modified by transparent glass (as Siemens found); that the electric light contains rays enough to maintain full-grown plants for two and a half months; and that the light is too weak to enable sprouting seeds to prosper, or to bring adult plants to maturity. Professor Bailey himself has been experimenting since January 1890. He had a forcing-house sixty feet long, divided in two, so that while the crops in one part grew under natural conditions, those in the other part were subjected at night to the influence of the electric light—that is, in addition to the ordinary daylight. The first experiments were made with a naked light of 2000-candle power. Professor Bailey says the general result of the electric light was greatly to hasten maturity, while those plants nearest the light ripened the fastest. In particular, he specifies in this latter category leaf-plants, such as lettuce, endive, cress, and spinach. Curiously enough, the spinach under the electric light matured and produced healthy seeds, at the time the natural-grown spinach was forming large leaves with no indications of seeding. The leaves of the electric-grown plants were small and curled. This would seem to indicate that the reproductive stage of the plants was being hurried on at the expense of the nutritive stage. The starch in the leaves had apparently prospered under the influence of the electric light. Of lettuce the same remarks held good, and in endive and cress similar results were practically found.

Too close proximity to the light was injurious; for Professor Bailey relates that, in the case of lettuce, for three feet on either side of the lamp most of the plants were killed as soon as they came up, while the remainder were decidedly injured. Those plants seven and eight feet removed from the lamp grew more vigorously; although the increase in size, we are told, was not uniform with increase in distance from the lamp. Young radishes appeared to be strongly attracted by the light, while they straightened up during the day; but this alternate bending and straightening had an injurious effect; and the injury was proportionate to the plants' nearness to the light. The radishes within three or six feet of the light were nearly dead at the end of six weeks; their neighbours fourteen feet away showed little signs of injury to their leaves. One frequent result was that the crops of radishes obtained in the non-electric part of the house were twice as large as those in the lighted compartment; but chemical analysis showed that in the lighted house the plants had attained a higher degree of maturity than in the dark house. As regards dwarf peas, the production of flowers and pods was nearly equal in both houses; but the electrically lit peas produced only four-sevenths as many seeds as those grown in the dark or natural compartment. Carrots were not affected practically even by the naked light at a distance of three or four feet.

The conclusions reached by these and other experiments were, first, that different plants behave differently under electric light stimulation; and, secondly, that other influence than that of mere illumination exists in the light. Trying the experiment of using a globe over the light, Professor Bailey found its influence much less marked. Spinach ran to seed as before, but much less determinedly; radishes did not curl their leaves as in the previous experiments, while still they produced fewer leaves than in the dark compartment. Their loss in growth was only from one to five per cent., while in the case of the naked light they lost from forty-five to sixty-five per cent. Lettuce, it is reported, did much better under the modified light than when grown naturally. The tops or leaves of the radishes were heavier under the modified light than when they were grown naturally. The lettuce having prospered very beneficially under the electric light, Professor Bailey next set himself to see if, in the case of other plants, he might assist growth by modifying somewhat the quickness and abruptness of the change from the natural light to the electric illumination. He ran the light during the first half of the night only. Radishes, as before, under this latter condition became larger in the dark house as to foliage; but the tubers exhibited this important difference: that they were the same in both houses, the leaves also showing a tendency to curl in the electrically lit house.

Lettuce, as was previously shown, flourished apace under the all-night electric light, while under the modified conditions of half-night illumination this plant showed greater difference still. The result was that the electrically-grown lettuces were two weeks ahead of the others, which Professor Bailey says meant 161½ hours of electric light, at a cost of about seven dollars. The experiments I have quoted will suffice to show how wide a field lies before the horticulturist of the future—I may almost say of the present—in respect of his calling to his aid the electric ray in producing early growths of certain plants.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C. PLANK (Hayward's Heath).—It is scarcely necessary to say that your contribution is most acceptable, and your "revival" an altogether pleasant surprise.

W. T. PIERCE.—Another welcome reappearance. Many thanks.

J. W. S. (Montreal).—The result causes us no surprise. Wrangling is often more profitable than playing, even in chess. Your epigram is very neat; we wish it would be understood by our readers.

A. J. MAAS (Highgate).—Thanks; it shall receive our early attention.

MISS E. M. BURRELL (South Kensington).—We wish your venture all success, and regret space prevents us giving a longer notice below.

G. DOUGLAS ANGAS.—Thanks for problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2642 to 2644 received from D. A. Lomer (Buenos Ayres); of No. 2646 from Trimbak Ganesh Purkar (Jhansi); of No. 247 from A. P. (St. John, N. B.); of No. 2649 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and A. P. (St. John, N. B.); of No. 2650 from C. H. C. Harrison; of No. 2651 from W. E. Thompson, T. A. (Hastings), A. E. McClintock, Rev. Francis W. Jackson, E. G. Boys, J. Ross (Whitley), J. Bailey (Newark), E. B. Ford, Herbert Prodhman, Dr. F. St. W. R. B. (Clifton), H. N. (Bournemouth), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2652 received from C. E. Perugini, E. Louden, Borden School, Shadforth, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. G. Thursfield, R. Worters (Canterbury), the Rev. Francis W. Jackson, H. Moss (Sleaford), F. Fisher, R. H. Brooks, Sorrento, M. Burke, T. Roberts, Ubique, W. R. Baillem, E. G. Boys, E. J. F. B. (Clifton), Alpha, F. Holdsworth, T. G. (Ware), W. R. B. (Clifton), A. Freeman (Tonbridge), and Charles H. C. Harrison (Thirsk).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2651.—By REGINALD KELLY.

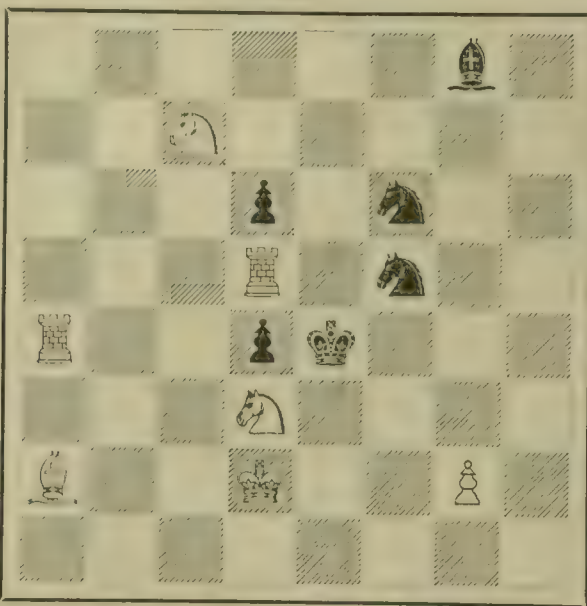
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to R 8th K to Q 2nd
2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch) K moves
3. B Mates.

If Black play 1. any other, then 2. B to Kt 8th (ch), K moves; 3. Kt to Kt 6th, Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2654.

By A. C. PEARSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN WALES.

Game played at the Craigside meeting between Messrs. PORTERFIELD RYND and B. D. WILMOT.

(Zukertort's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	23. B to B 3rd	Kt to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	24. P to R 4th	Q to Q 2nd
3. B to B 4th	P to Q R 3rd	25. Kt to K 5th	Q to Q 3rd
4. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	26. B takes Kt	Q takes B
5. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P	27. Kt to Q 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
6. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	28. Q to Kt 4th	Q to Kt sq
		29. Kt to Kt 4th	Q to Q 2nd
		30. Q to K 4th	Q to R Kt sq
		31. Kt to B 6th	B to Kt 2nd
		32. Q to R 7th	
		33. Q takes R (ch)	Q takes Kt
		34. K to Q 2nd	B to B sq
		35. Q takes Q	Q takes Kt P
		36. R to R 2nd	B takes Q
		37. Q R to Kt sq	B to K 5th
		38. R to Kt 8th	P to Q B 4th
		39. B to Kt 3rd	P to K B 4th
		40. B to B 5th	R to B sq
		41. R to R 8th	K to B 2nd
		42. B takes P	P takes P
		43. K to K 2nd	R to Q sq
		44. P to B 3rd	R to Q 4th
		45. K to K sq	B to B 7th
		46. R to Q Kt 2nd	B takes P
		47. R takes Kt P	B takes P
		48. R to Kt 7th (ch)	P to K 4th
		49. R to K 7th (ch)	B to Kt 2nd
		50. R takes Q B	R takes R
		51. B takes P	K to Kt sq
		52. R takes B	R takes R
		53. B takes R	K takes B

The Pollock v. Gossip match at Montreal has terminated in a dispute, and though the final score stood: Pollock 4, Gossip 3, and two drawn, the match was awarded to the latter in consequence of Mr. Pollock declining to continue to play. It is somewhat unusual to find a chess match being decided, like a game of golf, by the lowest score.

A chess club for women is being formed in Kensington, which, it is hoped, may be useful to ladies who desire to learn the game or to improve themselves in its practice. There are already thirty members, who meet on Monday evenings. The hon. secretary is Miss E. M. Burrell, 86, West Cromwell Road, to whom applications may be made.

The Hastings Chess Club held high festival during the second week of January. Messrs. Blackburne, Bird, Gunsberg, and MacDonnell were the masters who took part in the proceedings, giving exhibitions of their skill in blindfold, simultaneous, and consultation play. The proceedings concluded with a match against the Athenaeum Club, who brought down a team from London, and after a severe contest the match was declared drawn with a score of 8 to each side.

The match between the Sydenham and Forest Hill Chess Club and the 13th of the Metropolitan League, Division B, excited some interest, as the result would likely determine the winner of that competition. In the end, the first-named club proved successful, and thereby almost assures its position at the head of the division.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, the Principal of Newnham College, has made an interesting report on the history of the past students. Since the college started there have been 720 students. Of these only 2½ per cent. are now dead, and as it appears that the average of deaths among persons of between twenty and forty is over six per cent., it is clear that the education has had no unfavourable effect on longevity. It is, of course, difficult to be perfectly precise in such statistics; for in the general figures are included the most sickly, and also the poorest, and the followers of the most unhealthy trades, whose death-rate is very high; while the college women are pretty sure to be originally in fairly good health, and are of a social position that ensures them health-maintaining comforts in daily existence. But the margin in favour of the college-trained women is so high as to leave no doubt that the training has tended to life for them rather than the reverse. This is, in fact, what has been prophesied by eminent authorities, in opposition to the alarmists who were at one time prone to declare that the cultivation of the intellect in girls would destroy their vitality. The famous surgeon, Mr. Solly, told the Royal Commission on the education of girls, so long ago as 1867, "As an old physiologist, I am quite certain that there would be less illness among the upper classes if their brains were more regularly and systematically worked." More recently, Sir William Gull wrote the following impressive declaration: "In the light of medical experience, the advantage to health of good and even high intellectual training for girls and young women cannot be doubted. After due attention to the ordinary requirements of physical health in respect of food, air, exercise, and sleep, nothing more essentially contributes to physical development and good health than the education of the senses and the mental faculties. Without this, the mind is listless, and the bodily functions in consequence are apt to become languid, so that constantly the physician is consulted for a weak state that more mental energy would correct. Over-mental tension seriously weakens and exhausts, but for every such instance in the well-to-do classes of the community there are many more in which life is a burden in consequence of the mind having no object or aim to call forth and quicken its operation. . . . An educated woman is on a higher level of capacity in relation to all her duties." This is rather a long quotation, but the authority is so high and the subject so important that it is worth while to give it exactly. It is interesting to find that the "prognosis" of the great physician is borne out by Newnham students' vital statistics.

Exactly ten years ago, an American women's society, "The Association of Collegiate Alumnae," instituted just such an inquiry as that which Mrs. Sidgwick has been making, except that their researches were not into the statistics of the students at one school alone, but embraced all the leading colleges of America. That inquiry was proceeded with on a very thorough footing. The object was to find out what the general state of the health of college graduates was in after life, and a series of forty questions was prepared by a committee of physicians, and addressed to nearly fourteen hundred old students. Of these seven hundred odd replied, and their answers were tabulated and placed in statistical form, not by any interested persons with a theory to prove, but by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labour Statistics. In that case, no death-rate was sought, but the death-rate of the children of the married graduates was taken, and was found to be ten per cent. up to an average age of six years. Now, the average of the whole community (in England) is twenty-five per cent. deaths, out of all children born, under the age of five; so that the intellectually cultured mothers proved the value of a trained brain to their children as well as to themselves. The American graduates' health returns worked out thus: three-fourths of them had enjoyed good health all through their lives; during the period of college study 20 per cent. found their health improve; exactly an equal number report their health to have deteriorated; while the remaining 60 per cent. experienced no change in their condition. It was further found that of the 20 per cent. who fell off in health an excess of 10 per cent. was furnished by those who entered college at sixteen years old, as compared with those who started the serious study of college at eighteen or over (the lesson being that a girl should not be sent to college too soon). The final fact that I will mention is that the good or ill health of parents proved to have had far more effect on the permanent condition of health of the graduates than did their study. Those who had a tendency to some specific disease or general ill-health inherited from one parent fell off in health (during the whole life, this is, both while in and after leaving college) 5 per cent. more than the average; while those who had had both parents suffering from some complaints fell off from health as years went by 20 per cent. more than the average. Those who had the happiness to be born of parents both free from any disease, on the other hand, had 3 per cent. the advantage over the average figures. It may be added that the same set of questions was addressed to a large number of working girls in Boston, and that they reported 2½ per cent. more deterioration in their health during the same years of life spent in wage-earning.

In one respect, the American statistics and those of Newnham are alike—namely, in the small number of marriages among the graduates of these institutions. It is true they are still, on an average, young. But at present, of the English girls only 18 per cent. are married; of the Americans, whose average age was twenty-eight, there were 25 per cent. only married. Of this fact, there are two obvious explanations possible—to wit, first, that men do not desire to marry educated girls; second, that cultivated women who can earn their own living and have their own careers do not care to marry the men they see around. Which is the true solution is beyond the reach of argument. We must each settle it according to our judgment—or prejudices. Perhaps if men could know how often they are accepted because girls see no other chances of a livelihood in the future, they might not be pleased! Of the 667 Newnham graduates in this country, 374 are teachers, 5 doctors, and several have other work, while 230 are living at home, 108 as wives.

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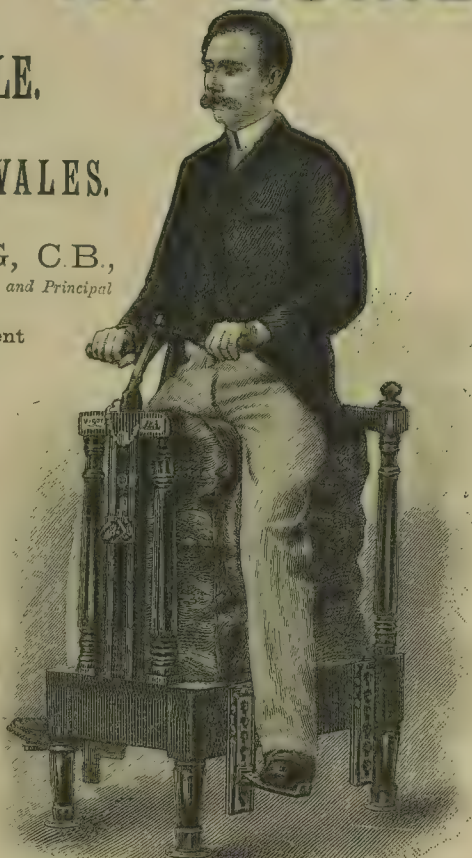
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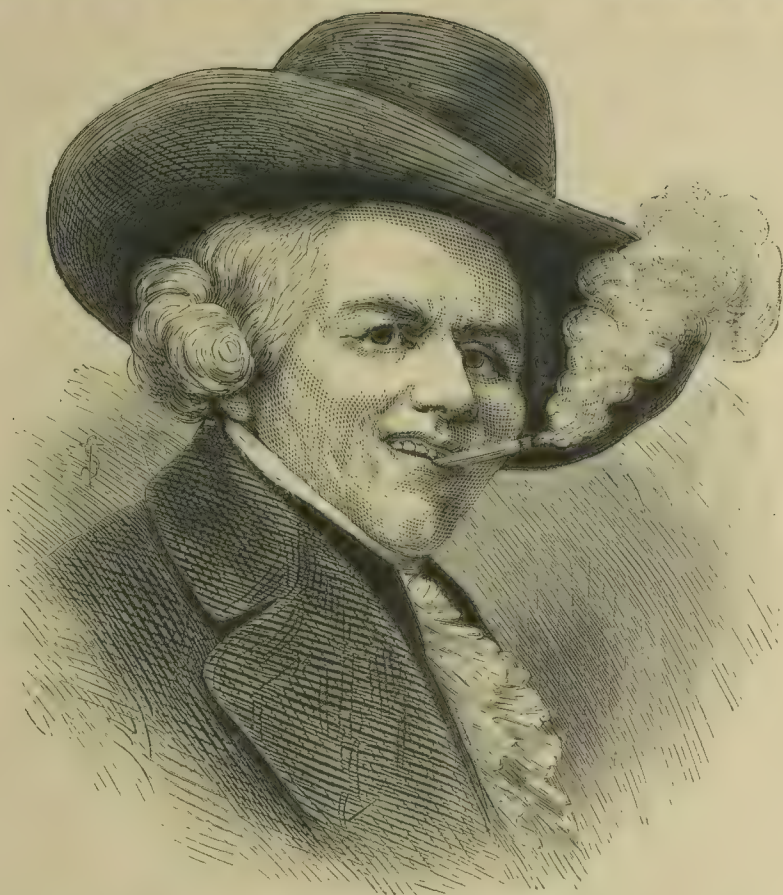


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1891) of Mr. Thomas George Barclay, J.P., of Lower Woodside, near Hatfield, Herts, who died on Nov. 5, was proved on Jan. 28 by Robert Barclay and Charles Barclay, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £263,751. The testator bequeaths £10,000 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, horses, carriages, and effects to his wife, Mrs. Emily Barclay; £5000, upon trust, for the children of his sister, Mrs. Caroline Hoare; £5000 as Mrs. Emily Joyce shall appoint; £5000 to his nephew Frederick Kett Barclay; £5000 to such of his nieces, Harriet Maria, Emily Octavia, Margaret, and Neville Julianna (the daughters of his late brother, Arthur Kett Barclay), as shall survive him; £1000 to James Gildea; and legacies to bailiff, gamekeeper, gardenor, and house-servants. Two thirds of his share of the business, capital, plant, stock-in-trade, property, estates, and effects, except his note account, of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., brewers, Park Street, Southwark, he gives to his nephew Robert Barclay, and one third to his greatnephew, Hubert Frederick Barclay, conditionally on their paying ratably £1000 per annum to his wife, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death to pay £20,000 to his nephew Charles Barclay. The ultimate residue is to be divided between his nephews Hambury Barclay and Charles Barclay, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 6, 1894) of Mr. Thomas Craig, of 54, Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 11, was proved on Jan. 25 by Captain Arthur Mackintosh Balfour, R.A., James Craig, the brother, Matthew Craig, the nephew, and Davenport Knight, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £111,114. The testator gives £250 each to his adopted children, Florence Cecilia Elizabeth Balfour and Charles Thomas Craig; all his jewellery, plate, furniture, and effects to his said adopted children; his freehold property in Bourke Street, Melbourne, and £3000 to his brother Robert Craig; £5000 each to his brothers James and John; £5000 to the children of his late brother Matthew; £3000 to the children of his late sister Euphemia Douglas; £1000 to his sister Marian Crockett; £300 to his sister Margaret Milligan; and legacies to executors and servants. He leaves a special legacy of £20,000 and one half of the residue of his real and personal estate each, upon trust, for the said Florence Cecilia Elizabeth Balfour and Charles Thomas Craig.

The will (dated May 12, 1891), with a codicil (dated Jan. 18, 1894), of Mr. Robert Henry Sharp Wyndham, formerly lessee of the Theatre Royal Edinburgh, and late of 64, Sloane Street, who died on Dec. 16, was proved on Jan. 17 by Frederick William Phoenix Wyndham the son, and William Coulthard Falls, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £56,458. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Actors' Benevolent Fund; £100, and all his wines, consumable stores, articles of household use and ornament, carriages, horses, and effects to his wife, Mrs. Rosina Tyler Wyndham; the plate presented to

himself and wife by friends at Edinburgh to his wife for life, and then to his said son, and he expresses a wish that the same may be preserved in the family as an heirloom; the remainder of his plate, and all his books, pictures, and furniture to his wife for life, and then to his son; £100 to his executor Mr. W. C. Falls; and during the life of his wife £150 per annum each to his daughters Rosina Wyndham and Katherine Amelia Maitland, and £250 per annum to his daughter Alice Marcella Maxwell. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her death he gives £10,000 to his son, the said Frederick William Phoenix Wyndham; £10,000 each upon trust for his three daughters; £3000 upon trust for the three sons of his daughter Mrs. Maxwell; and the ultimate residue to his son.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1893), with two codicils (dated April 2 and Oct. 24, 1894), of Mrs. Mary Heath, of 295, Clapham Road, who died on Dec. 17, was proved on Jan. 29 by Walter Brougham Heath and Adam Rivers Steele, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £42,781. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to the said Walter Brougham Heath and £500 each to his children; £2000 each to Adam Rivers Steele, Joseph Snowden, and Henry Hodsoll Heath; £500 each to Augustus Dyer Mountain, Gustavus A. Beck, Ann Walker, and Marian Walker; £500 each to the children of Samuel Charles Umfreville; and other legacies. All her real estate and the residue of her personal estate she gives to the children of her late niece, Elizabeth Snowden, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 7, 1894) of Miss Frances Mary Buss, of 87, King Henry's Road, Regent's Park, who died on Dec. 24, was proved on Jan. 21 by the Rev. Alfred Joseph Buss and the Rev. Septimus Buss, the brothers, and the Rev. Charles Caron Buss and the Rev. Francis Fleetwood Buss, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,794. The testatrix leaves £100 to the College of Preceptors, of which she was a Fellow; £2000 each to her brothers, Alfred Joseph, Septimus, Octavius, and Decimus, and her nephew Francis Fleetwood Buss; her house and premises, Boscombe, Theydon Bois, Essex, with the furniture and effects, to her sister-in-law, Emma Maria Buss for life, then to Mary Caroline Buss for life, and then to her brothers Alfred Joseph and Septimus; and many other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her brothers Alfred Joseph and Septimus and her nephew Francis Fleetwood Buss.

The will (dated March 28, 1882) of Mr. William Henry Cooke, Q.C., Recorder of Oxford, of 42, Wimpole Street, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Jan. 24 by Mrs. Annie Cooke, the widow and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,460. The testator gives and bequeaths all his real and personal property, of whatsoever description and wheresoever situate, to his wife, for her own absolute use.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1884) of Mr. Henry St. John Powell, J.P., of Cirencester, Gloucestershire, and of Newport, Monmouthshire, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on

Jan. 22 by Mrs. Edith Minnie Macnaghten, the value of the personal estate amounting to £14,090. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his agent, John Jeremiah, of Llan-hilleth; and legacies to his valet, groom, and second horse-man. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his sister Mrs. Mary Vaughan Davies absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1890), with three codicils (dated April 30, 1891, May 17, 1892, and June 14, 1894), of Mr. James Adey Birds, formerly of 82, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, and late of Sans Souci, Bournemouth, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Jan. 25 by the Rev. James Ambrose Ogle and Thomas Hay, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,618. The testator bequeaths his geological, mineralogical, and other collections to the Natural History Museum, Derby; £3750 to Miss Sarah Smith, the companion of his wife, if she shall continue to be so down to the time of his death; and other legacies. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, to apply the income for the maintenance and support of his wife, for her life, and then as to the capital for his cousins, Catherine Wall, Mary Wall, and the Rev. Samuel Wilkinson.

The will of General Francis Locker Whitmore, of 42, Brompton Square, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on Jan. 24 by Mrs. Eliza Whitmore, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1902.

The fifty shire horses sold at the Prince of Wales's annual sale at Sandringham realised a total sum of 5220 guineas—a decidedly good result.

At least two bye-elections will take place within the next few weeks. South Paddington has selected Mr. T. G. Fardell to supply the vacancy created by the death of Lord Randolph Churchill, and there is small prospect of a contest. Mr. C. T. Ritchie's name was mentioned as a possible candidate, but the suggestion did not meet with favour. Then, Captain Naylor-Leyland, who has represented Colchester since 1892, has very soon wearied of the House of Commons, having resigned his seat. There was only a Conservative majority of sixty-one at the last poll, so that there is a possibility of the Liberal candidate, Sir W. Pearson, being successful. His opponent is to be Captain J. M. Vereker, who is not so popular locally as Sir W. Pearson.

Mr. Norman Gale still clings to Rugby during term time, although he has practically relinquished his connection with the school, and does no more tutoring. He has, happily, chosen to abandon pedagogy, and devotes himself entirely to literary work, and is now preparing a new volume of poems. Mr. Gale comes up to London as rarely as possible. He has no love for the life of the town. The country is his passion. It will interest the lovers of his "Country Muse" to know that Mr. Gale is a stalwart athlete, an adept in all kinds of country sport, and that he prefers to talk of racing, cricket, football, pedestrianism, and angling than to discuss his own verses or to criticise those of his contemporaries.

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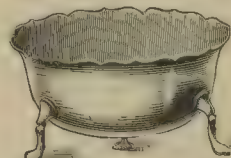
Electro-Silver on Nickel Breakfast-Dish. Converts into three dishes by simply removing the handle, £3 15s. Prince's Plate, £4 10s. Sterling Silver, £21.



Ivory Pepper-Mill, Sterling Silver Bands, £1 10s.



Sterling Silver pierced Mustard-Pot, with Blue Glass Lining, £2 10s.



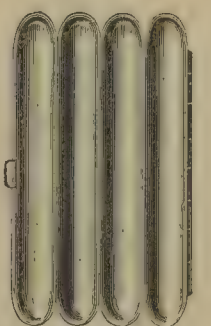
James I. Sterling Silver Sugar-Basin, £1 10s.



James I. Sterling Silver Cream-Ewer, £1 15s.



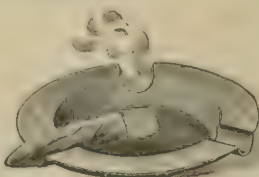
Sterling Silver Tea-Caddy, with richly chased panels, 4 1/2 in. high by 2 1/2 in. square, £3.



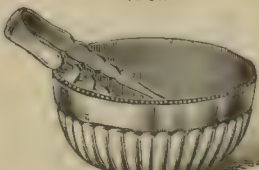
Sterling Silver Cigar-Case. To hold 1 Cigar .. £1 7 9
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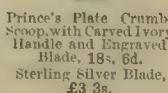
Engraved Glass Claret-Jug, Prince's Plate Mounts, £2 10s. Sterling Silver Mounts, £5 5s.



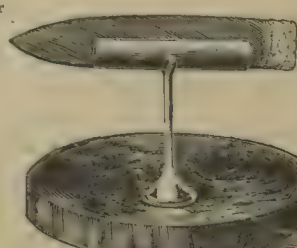
Sterling Silver Cigar-Rest and Ash-Tray, £1 5s.



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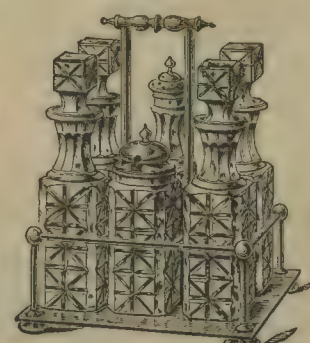
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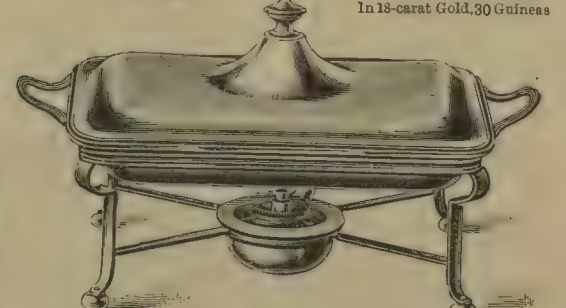
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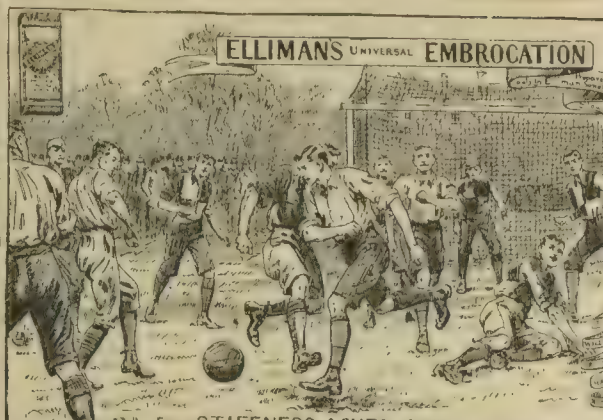
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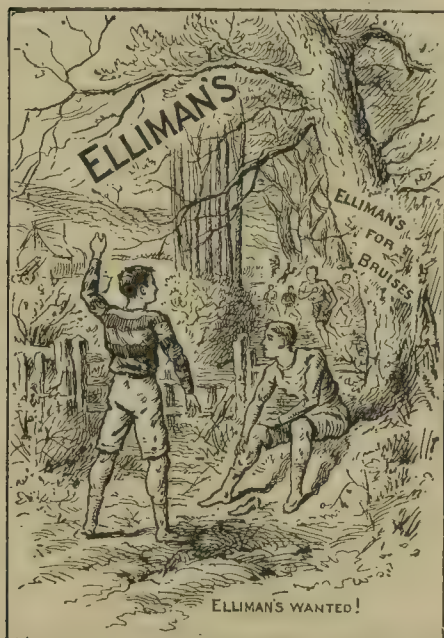
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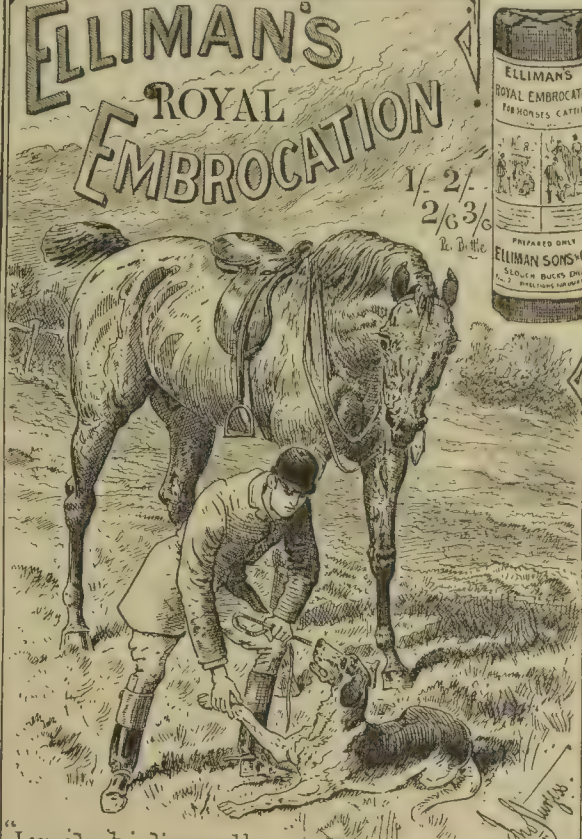
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

Even the production of "King Arthur" hardly caused such curiosity and excitement as that of "An Artist's Model" at Daly's Theatre; consequently, the feeling of disappointment was great when it was found that from the most important point of view the new piece is of poor quality. Those who, if the tale be true, paid a premium to get seats for the *première* must have regretted that they came to the first, and therefore worst, performance of a work which doubtless in a week will be charming, but at present is decidedly wearisome. As it stands, or certainly as it stood on the evening of its birth, "An Artist's Model" can only be considered as the crude materials for an entertaining light musical work.

Fortunately, the materials are abundant. No one ever before saw such a company in a piece below the dignity of *opéra comique*; and it is only necessary to give the performers what is popularly called "half a chance," and then success must come. Moreover, the music is excellent—gay in the comic measures, graceful, if somewhat over-sweetened, in the sentimental ballads, and clever throughout in orchestration. Mr. Sidney Jones has maintained the reputation that he won by his capital work in "A Gaiety Girl," even if he shows no advance. In addition, one has a beautiful setting for the last act, in which the effect of the brilliant dresses and their pretty wearers in the delightful ball-room is one of the most charming presented upon the stage for a long time.

The fault, of course, is in the book. The lyrics are not to be blamed, for Mr. Harry Greenbank has written most of them cleverly; and one song, "St. Albans," concerning modern art, is really an excellent piece of work. Unhappily, it chances that Mr. "Owen Hall" has been neither wise nor very witty. Because one or two lines of questionable character will cause a laugh in a frivolous piece, because we are all tired of jests about mothers-in-law and drink, he seems to have assumed that a long series of jokes that would not pass in a drawing-room ought to catch the public taste. It happened, however, that, though the people in the stalls appeared to take pleasure in his not very ingenious efforts at what may be called "boulevard" humour, others in the house after a while grew sick of it and protested.

Fortunately, while to say there is no offence in it would be to imitate the inaccuracy of Hamlet concerning "The Mouse-Trap," it will not be difficult to take out all the humours that are over the borders, and to remove with them some clumsy complications which occur in the tale. When this has been done, and the large gaps so made have been filled with lively songs and dances, "An Artist's Model" should be to the pleasure of the most exacting.

It is to be hoped that a heavier task will be given to Miss Letty Lind; it is tantalising to find that she has but two songs and dances, and the cleverness of her singing, which improves constantly, deftness of her step-dancing, and prettiness of the steps in which she mimics the movements of Jennie Wren, make one feel like Oliver Twist at the workhouse meal. Of course one cannot criticise all the members of such a long strong cast. Consequently, after



FACSIMILE OF "TINY," THE LATE MR. FRANK BUCKLAND'S MONKEY.
Reproduced from "The Naturalists' Library," 1833.

mentioning that Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Hayden Collin sang well, but acted indifferently; that Miss Lottie Venne was less effective than usual; and that Mons. Maurice Farkoa gave his songs capitally, one may say that the remainder included several artists who ere now have been the triumph of a piece, and would still be able, if they had the opportunity, to delight an audience.

It was somewhat curious that the next production to "An Artist's Model," which, after all, is merely the latest development of burlesque, should be "Babes," at the Strand—the burlesque which a decade ago took the town. Unfortunately time is ruthless to pieces of such a class. Their best songs become popular till they sink to the level of being a public nuisance, their jokes are borrowed and comic business is stolen, so that upon its revival the old work seems full of gross plagiarisms from the successors of which it really is progenitor. "Babes" has stood the attack of time very well, and proved to be strong enough to please the house. Certainly Mr. Willie Edouin as the Heathen Chinee ought to be seen, nor is his ingenious humour the only pleasant part of the entertainment.

On Feb. 2 at a factory in Charlotte Street, Shoreditch, there was a gas explosion, by which a workshop was blown up and set on fire, and four men were badly burnt. A fire took place early the same morning at a warehouse in Red Lion Court, Watling Street, and another at Hackney Wick, causing much damage.

THE LAST OF FRANK BUCKLAND'S PETS.

The very last of the late Frank Buckland's pets died last week. It was a specimen of *Cercopithecus mona*, and had been under the tender care of Mrs. Buckland for over seventeen years. It was one of a group of the happy family menagerie in the well-known house in Albany Street where poor Buckland died on Dec. 19, 1880. "Tiny," as the little creature was called, was a very beautiful animal, with a thick coat of handsomely shaded hair. She was also one of the most mischievous monkeys that ever lived. Many a time have I seen her scampering about "the monkey-room," as the master's studio was irreverently called by the servants—"Darwin going backwards," as Buckland used laughingly to say—in company with "Carrotty Jane," "Margate Jack," "Bartlett" (called after the popular Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens), and other of her companions. When let out of their cages the monkeys had a fine time of it, carrying on all sorts of pranks, and, unfortunately, too, destruction wherever they went. All Buckland's pets may be said to have been historical animals. Their life history was graphically written by him in his various works, which continue to be very popular, not only at home, but also throughout foreign countries.

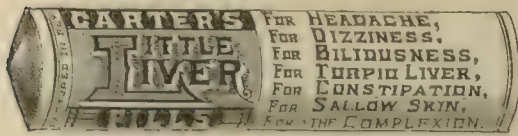
Although so pretty a little creature, Tiny was never photographed. Through the kindness of Mrs. Buckland I am enabled, however, to send you an illustration which was considered by Buckland himself to be a very good likeness of Tiny. It is from Vol. I. of "The Naturalists' Library," by the late Sir William Jardine, published in 1833 in Edinburgh by Lizars and Stirling and Kenny. This particular volume in question is, indeed, an interesting memento of poor Buckland. On the titlepage is written, "Francis Trevelyn Buckland, from his grand-mamma," and underneath in pencil in Buckland's own handwriting, "One of the first books on natural history I ever had, F. Buckland." On the page giving the figure of the monkey Buckland has written "Tiny." So I think the illustration may be taken as a good representation of the little animal which died the other day. H. F.

At Warwick Castle, on the night of Feb. 2, the Countess of Warwick gave a grand fancy-dress ball, at which the guests wore the Court or fashionable costumes of the French reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. It was a magnificent entertainment, with splendid illumination and decorations of the stately apartments of that noble old building. Lady Warwick appeared as Marie Antoinette, and the Earl of Warwick as an officer of the Royal Household.

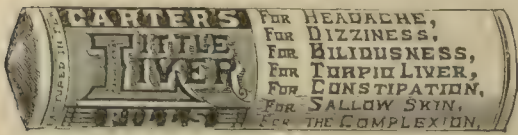
The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, on Feb. 2, accompanied by the Duchess of Teck and Prince and Princess Adolphus of Teck, opened the new extension wing of the Grosvenor Museum at Chester. The Mayor and the Bishop of Chester took part in the proceedings.

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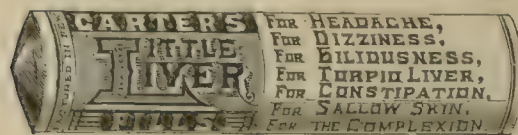
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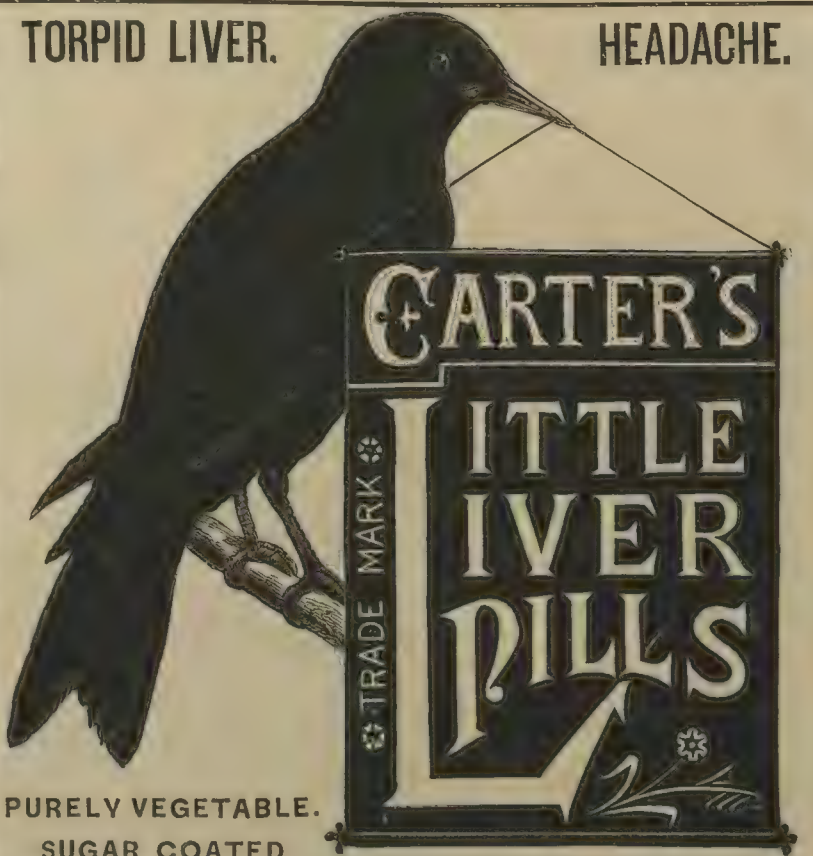
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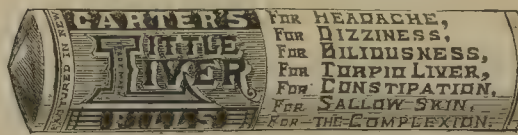
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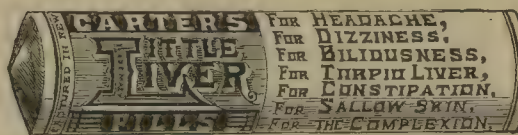
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ART NOTES.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club is lending its gallery for the exhibition of a collection of "Blue and White" Oriental Porcelain, the outward and visible sign of "culture" of the present generation. No one will for a moment deny the naturally decorative qualities of this production. Strangely enough, although imitated with more or less success all over Europe, and especially in England, the taste for "blue and white" had practically died out in this country in the first half of the present century. Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his Chelsea friends were, it may be said, its revivalists, and close upon them followed others with longer purses but less accurate judgment. The impetus, however, once given, "the movement" increased in strength, time, and volume, and by this time probably every specimen of value, and a good many more of no value, have passed through the hands of collectors or dealers; and although here and there in the remote recesses of some old cupboard in a country house a stray bowl or dish may still be found, the chances are very much that anything really curious has long since been submitted to the judgment of more or less competent connoisseurs. Very considerable doubt rests upon the origin and primeval home of "blue and white"; and while some of the specimens here shown claim to have been in this country since the reign of Elizabeth (the four pieces from the Burghley House Collection, Case A, Nos. 34-37), the broken fragments lent by Sir Wollaston Franks alone seem to bear witness to a far removed and uncertain antiquity.

The interest which this exhibition is sure to arouse is heightened by the admirable care taken by the committee to give something like a consistent arrangement of the various specimens. Although the Chinese claim for the Han dynasty (202 B.C.) the invention of porcelain, the records and remains of the first thousand years of its existence are rare and untrustworthy, and no collector with any self-respect would be tempted to assign to his most cherished specimen a remoter date than the Ming dynasty, which ruled over China A.D. 1368 to 1647. Some of the objects lent by Mrs. Halsey, originally in the palace at Agra, would seem to have a claim to the greatest antiquity, but in these, as in many others, it is difficult to distinguish between decorations which, while classed as Chinese, have almost all the peculiarities we are accustomed to assign to Japanese art. As we pass on to the more modern work, this confusion becomes more marked, and it is one of the main causes which renders the disentanglement of the story of Chinese "blue and white" almost hopeless. It is worse still when we come to assign dates on the faith of marks, design, or even of the colour of the paste. Not only was "Nankin" porcelain, as it was formerly called, imitated in Japan and in almost every country of Europe, but the Chinese themselves, and for their own countrymen, were constantly engaged in imitating the work of their forefathers. This is clearly shown by the mixture of styles and colours shown in the treatment of the lotus, pansy, and chrysanthemum (Case B), where in numerous instances the efforts of the artist to give a conventional rendering to a natural

object with which he was familiar are plainly traceable. Again, the Prunus—or, as it is generally but wrongly called, the "Hawthorn" pattern—porcelain (Case C) wears an almost unmistakable Japanese look, not only in the choice of the flower, but in its natural and flowing treatment. On the other hand, the animals and fishes (Case D) present far greater difficulties, and it is practically impossible here to assign those executed in naturalistic style to Japanese, and those in conventional style to Chinese artists. The "Eight Horses of King Muhwang" (128) were probably the subject of repeated treatment through several centuries, but it would be surprising if their fame traversed the sea.

It would be tedious to go through the contents of the dozen cases which surround the gallery, but enough has been said to show the wide period embraced by the exhibition, and the completeness with which each special phase has been illustrated. The collections of Mr. George Salting, Mr. W. G. Rawlinson, Lord Battersea, and Mr. Wickham Flower have been fully drawn upon, with the result that the history of "blue and white" is placed before the eyes in a more scientific form than in any similar exhibition, while it leaves nothing to be desired in the way of attractiveness.

Mr. Alfred Story, the author of "The Life of John Linnell," has found another interesting subject in James Holmes, the artist of "The Doubtful Shilling," and subsequently a fashionable portrait-painter and a hanger-on

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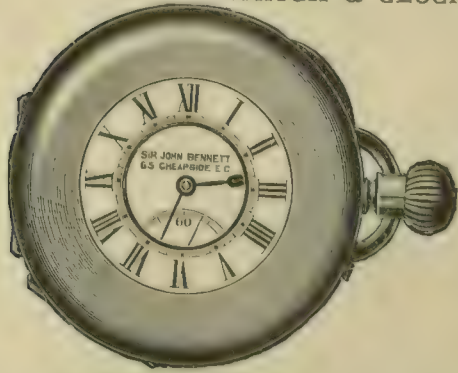
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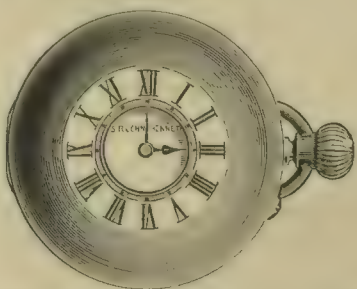


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of the set which gathered round the Prince Regent and afterwards George IV. In the volume "James Holmes and John Varley" (Bentley and Son), a strangely assorted couple, Mr. Story gives prominence to the less remembered artist, and he is justified in so doing, as there is plenty to tell about Holmes's relations with the world of notabilities in which he lived, and to which his perpetual good spirits gave him a standing passport. He painted at least two portraits of Lord Byron, with whom he was on intimate terms. He was acquainted with Scrope Davies, Mrs. Leigh (Byron's sister), Madame d'Arblay, Edmund Kean, Prince Esterhazy, and many other fashionable and prominent personages. Holmes's chief success was as a painter of miniatures, of which, as a rule, the subjects belonged to the fashionable world. By a curious contradiction his fancy or *genre* work was almost invariably inspired by the popular class. "Hot Porridge," "The Married Man," or "Michaelmas Dinner" suggest the themes with which he dealt. He was a delicate colourist, and his miniatures are still esteemed in our day; but his chief claim to remembrance is that he was the promoter and first president of the Society of British Artists, was the friend of Beau Brummel, and does not appear to have deserted that worthy after his fall, as so many of his fashionable acquaintance had done.

OBITUARY.

The Rev. Bryan King, Rector of St. George's-in-the-East 1842 to 1862 (during which great disorder arising from ritualistic practices took place); Vicar of Avebury, Wilts, for thirty years, died on Jan. 30. He has not long survived Mr. Hansard, who for a time filled his place at St. George's-in-the-East.

Dr. Lombard, the greatest authority on climatology, died at Geneva, his birthplace, on Jan. 22, aged ninety-one.

Herr Gruson, whose foundry was subsequently incorporated in the Krupp works at Essen, died recently, aged seventy-three.

Prince Wolfgang of Bavaria, youngest son of Prince Louis of Bavaria, died on Jan. 31.

Mrs. Thornycroft, whose son, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., inherited her skill in sculpture, died on Feb. 1. Allusion is made elsewhere to her career.

Mrs. Fletcher Hayes, who was present at the siege of Lucknow, died on Jan. 31, aged sixty-nine. She was the widow of Captain Fletcher Hayes, military secretary to the late Sir Henry Lawrence, Chief Commissioner of Oude.

Mr. H. Birkbeck, senior partner in the banking firm of Gurneys, Birkbecks, Barclay, and Buxton, died on Feb. 1,

aged 73. He had been connected with Gurneys' Bank for fifty-six years, and was an important figure in the county of Norfolk.

The Countess of Ducie died at Nice on Feb. 3. Her daughter is Lady Constance Shaw-Lefevre.

General Charles Arthur Barwell, C.B., of the Bengal Staff Corps, died on Jan. 31, aged sixty-eight.

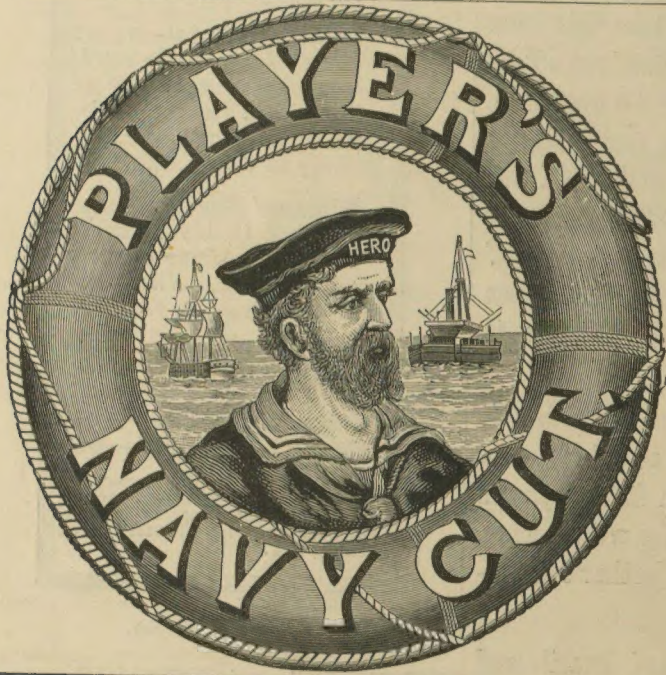
The Rev. John Montague Randall, Vicar of Langham, Norfolk, for forty-four years, died at Lowestoft on Feb. 2, aged seventy-six.

Mr. Frederick Willis, formerly connected with the famous Willis's Rooms, died on Feb. 4, aged forty-seven.

The Hon. Charles St. George Crofton, who was heir-presumptive to his brother, Lord Crofton, an Irish representative peer, died on Feb. 2, aged fifty-nine. He was formerly lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

The Rev. Edward Hill, Rector of Wishford for twenty-three years, died on Feb. 2, aged seventy-seven.

Mr. John Edward Tresidder, senior honorary secretary of the Sunday School Union, died on Feb. 5. Only a few days previously the Rev. H. B. Yates, editor of the *Sunday School Chronicle*, died suddenly, so that this is the second severe loss the Union has sustained among its officers.



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The LUSTANIA, 3877 tons register, will leave London March 27, for a 47 days' cruise, visiting GIBRALTAR, MALAGA, PALERMO, KATAKOLO, CORINTH, EGINA, PIREUS (for Athens), DELOS, SMYRNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SANTORIN, MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth May 12, and London May 13.

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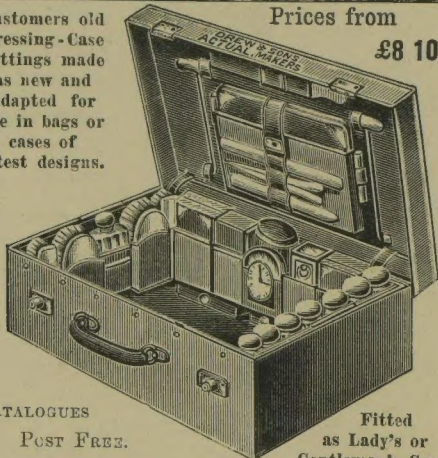
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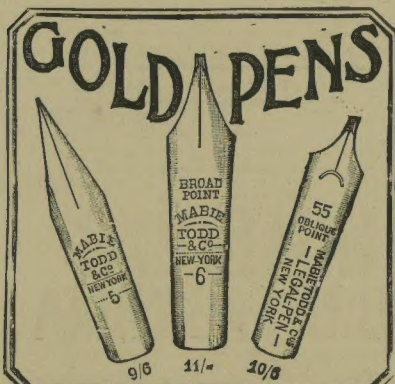
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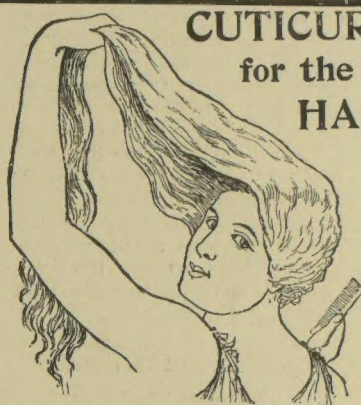
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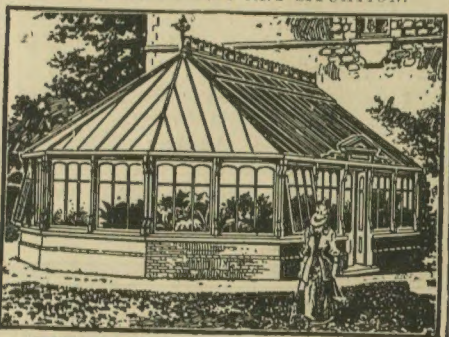
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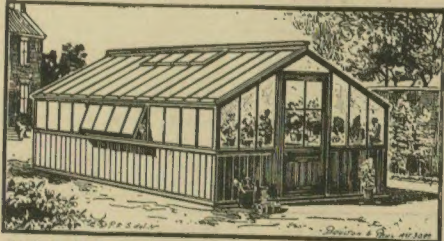
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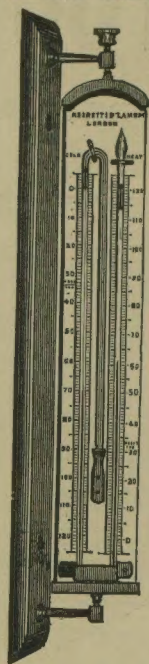
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